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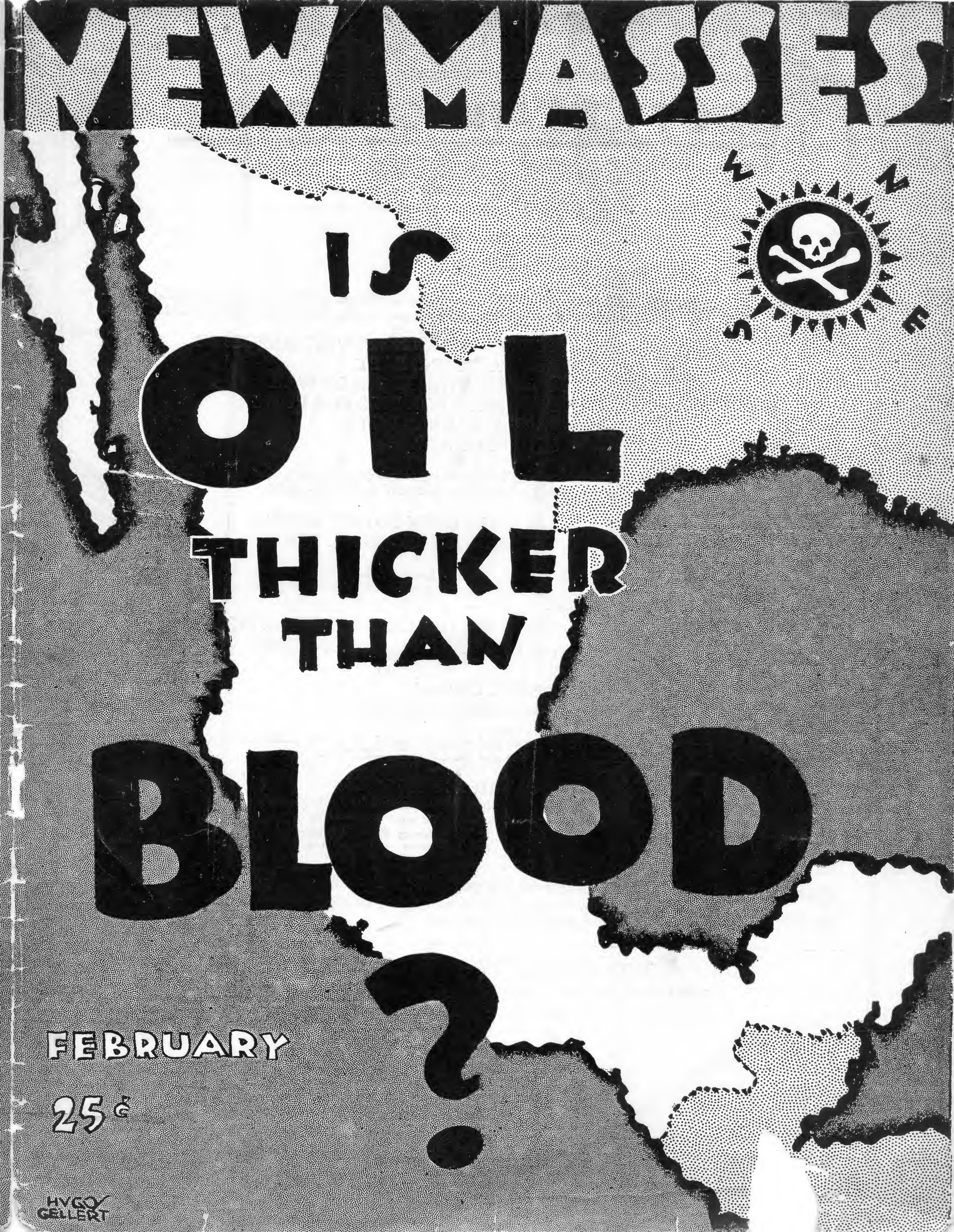
THAN

BLOOD?

FEBRUARY

25¢





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HYGO GELLERT



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We are moving to more convenient quarters at 39 Union Square, West, near 16th Street. Our telephone number will remain the same—Stuyvesant 4445. Drop in and get a few back numbers of the magazine to distribute among those friends from whom you are trying get subscriptions. And placing the magazine in barber shops, restaurants and tea-rooms, in doctors' and dentists' waiting rooms is the best sort of propaganda. We will give you, free, all the magazines you can use for such purposes.

1927 SUSTAINING FUND

Our first year will be up on March 1st, and the drive is now on to raise the 1927 Sustaining Fund of \$16,500. Every five dollars, every ten dollars, every twenty-five dollars will help. Send what you can, and soon.

We will need to find some big donors, too, persons who will give a hundred, five hundred, a thousand dollars to the magazine. In every community in America there must be at least one person with money, who, if it were put up to him, or her, would be delighted to help perpetuate a magazine like the NEW MASSES. If you know of such a person, write and tell us how he, or she, might be approached.

Suggestions, pledges, donations should be sent to the NEW MASSES.

THE MARCH NUMBER

Sex and Revolution. Floyd Dell's question—What is the correct proletarian revolutionary attitude toward sex, (answered by Charlie Wood in this issue), has driven the radical philosophers to their typewriters. In the March issue, V. F. Calverton and Upton Sinclair will deal with this engrossing subject from quite opposite angles.

Art for Life's Sake. What is your attitude toward your art, your audience, the machine age and the revolutionary labor movement?—the editors of the NEW MASSES asked a number of artists, writers and critics. The controversy, begun in our January issue, still waxes hot. Some provocative answers will be printed next month.

The Mexican Revolutionary Artists. John Dos Passos tells us how Rivera and a group of rebel artists have put over the revolutionary idea to the Mexican people *visually* with their mural paintings in public buildings.

Prohibition. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, author of *Heavenly Discourses* which enlivened the pages of the old *Masses*, writes an article on the *Great American Farce* in his best satiric vein.

Other contributors to the March issue will be Michael Gold, Lola Ridge, James Rorty, Max Eastman, Scott Nearing, etc., etc. Come on you bad eggs! Subscribe!



Line of Rights Enrolling to Fight the Lefts.

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 2 FEBRUARY, 1927 NUMBER 4
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"HOUSE COOLING"

WE ARE going to move. Instead of giving a house-warming in the new place, we're going to give a house-cooling in the old one. Instead of the usual bourgeois course dinner—50 cents worth of food for \$2.50 or \$3.00—we're going to serve chop suey, speeches, Mexican songs, Negro Spirituals, and if you will help—a *Sight Unseen Auction*—all for one dollar.

Perhaps you got something for Christmas that you don't like—a book you already had, perfume that you don't use, a muffler which doesn't suit your peculiar style of beauty. Or you may be clever enough to think of something screamingly funny to buy. Wrap it up and bring it to the party. This isn't compulsory, but please! The funniest of the NEW MASSES cartoonists will auction off the packages for the surprise and delight of the company. Friends of the NEW MASSES have donated some valuable prizes.

Our place will barely hold 150 people. At our last dinner there were 200. The first 150 reservations will be the lucky ones.

Saturday, January 29th at 6:30.

Food and everything for \$1.00.

M. D. PRESCRIBES IT!!

Yesterday a man came into the office (name and address furnished on request) and gave us \$2.00 for a year's subscription. We asked him how he found out about us. He said, "My doctor's prescription calls for a subscription to the NEW MASSES."

So that is what is wrong with everybody! They're all sick. They need the tonic effects of the NEW MASSES.

Now, we want to put this good medicine into the hands of every doctor.

Send us your doctor's name on a post-card and we'll mail him sample copies of the NEW MASSES. We have found that magazines on doctors' tables are wonderful subscription getters.

SPRING FROLIC

The Workers' and Peasants' Costume Ball given by the New Masses in December was such a lot of fun that everybody who was there has been clamoring for another New Masses party. Our much overworked business department has finally yielded to the overwhelming demand. Therefore we announce with Huzzannas *New Masses Artists' Spring Frolic*, a costume ball, at Webster Hall, on Friday evening, March 18th. Tickets will be priced as last time—\$1.50 in advance and \$3.00 at the door. Absolutely no tickets will be sold at the reduced rate at the box office. Special prices to clubs and parties over ten.



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NEW MASSES

VOLUME 2

FEBRUARY, 1927

NUMBER 4



Drawing by Hugo Gellert

NICARAGUA

"Don't wriggle, Buddy! Lie still and listen to the music, or we'll step on your face!"



O, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.



When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The Ark, then, of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm;
With garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.



Drawing by Hugo Gellert

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UNCLE SAM—BUCCANEER

DARING EXPLOITS OF STAR-SPANGLED PIRATE IN THE CARIBBEAN

By SCOTT NEARING

UNCLE SAM needs another canal across the Isthmus. The Panama Canal is getting crowded and, besides, in time of war its locks and slides are indefensible against an attack from the air.

Nicaragua has the only alternative route,—through the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua. To be sure, Costa Rica claims a voice in the matter as the San Juan River borders that country. But Costa Rica will be dealt with later.

Uncle Sam is now busy taking the canal site away from the people of Nicaragua to the accompaniment of "red propaganda" charges from Secretary Kellogg, pious utterances from President Coolidge, and a barrage of press lies involving Mexico with Nicaragua in a plot to destroy the supremacy of the United States in the Caribbean area.

Fifteen United States war vessels are in Nicaraguan waters. Admiral Latimer, in charge of United States forces, has landed marines at various points such as Porto Cabezas, where the Liberals showed strength, established "neutral zones," and ordered the Liberals either to disarm or leave. By such tactics the United States has thrown its diplomatic and naval authority around the government of Adolfo Diaz, Conservative, despite the fact that Diaz is so unpopular in his own country as to be quite unable to maintain himself without the United States marines.

Adolpho Diaz has been prominent in Nicaragua politics since 1909, when as a clerk in the office of an American corporation operating in Nicaragua, he advanced \$600,000 to finance a revolution that was supported, recognized and defended by the U. S. State Department. Then the issue involved a loan by American bankers and a treaty giving the United States the right to dig a canal across Nicaragua. Diaz was for the U. S. A. then and he is for the United States now.

Diaz stated his case very frankly in a radio message to the New York Times, on January 8, 1927: "We do not look to Mexico, now in a state of chaos, but to the United States, the foremost nation in the world." "We are convinced," Diaz asserts, "that in the hands of the United States the national sovereignty and best interests of small Latin-American countries are secure, whenever any one of them finds it necessary, in a difficult moment, to seek the friendly aid of the United States."

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider. "There you will see these confiding little Latin-American

republics listed as 'protectorates' in all of the latest school histories."

Two days later, January 10, Diaz coyly added, "I admit that in the re-establishment of peace I should be most happy to see a large loan contracted by my government in the United States."

Chamorro and Diaz gained their control of the Nicaraguan government in 1925 by a military coup. Between 1912 and 1925, United States marines remained in Nicaragua. But in 1924, Diaz, despite the presence of the marines, was badly beaten in an election supervised by an "American expert." Then the marines were removed long

enough to permit of the Diaz coup. Now a year later, the marines are back in Nicaragua.

Diaz began his duties as president of Nicaragua on November 14, 1926. Within a week he was recognized by the United States State Department. On November 19th, the State Department announced that the co-operation of the United States had been offered toward establishing peace in Nicaragua. Immediately thereafter, Diaz requested and received the armed support of the United States Government. In his appeals for this support he admitted his government could not survive without it.

IS OIL THICKER THAN BLOOD?

MEXICO has a population of about 17 million human beings. Mexico has an annual oil production of about 130 million barrels. Humans or oil? That is the choice before the United States.

Between 1848, when the United States took the Southwest away from Mexico and 1910, when the United States interests backed Madero against Diaz for the Mexican Presidency, the American Empire let Mexico pretty severely alone. But since 1910 . . .

Oil was discovered in Mexico about 1900. E. L. Doheny was the hero of the occasion. By 1910 he had wells that were flowing 25,000 barrels a day—liquid wealth in undreamed of quantities.

British oil interests were already busy however, and there were reports that Diaz was preparing to make large concessions to a British syndicate. Consequently, when Madero raised the standard of revolution in 1910, he had American support in plenty.

Madero won. But he did not last. Two years later, he was thrown out of office and shot by Victoriano Huerta, who became president of Mexico at almost the same time that Wilson became president of the United States. Huerta was openly pro-British in his oil sympathies.

Wilson and Bryan, shoulder to shoulder with Doheny, made war on Huerta. This war culminated in the taking of Vera Cruz (April 22, 1914) with the loss of seventeen American and several hundred Mexican lives. Huerta was forced out of office, and Carranza took his place.

Meanwhile, however, four years of revolution had called into being a disciplined Mexican working class, and an organized farmer element,

demanding basic changes in the laws of their country. It was this group that rewrote the Mexican Constitution in 1916-1917, and issued the famous *Quaretero* document. Article 27 of this Constitution begins:

"The ownership of lands and waters within the limits of the national territory is vested originally in the nation." In other words, the resources of Mexico belong to the Mexican people, just as the rivers and harbors of the United States belong to the people of the United States. In the same section, these words appear "The nation shall have at all times the right to impose on private property such limitations as the public interest may demand as well as the right to regulate the development of natural resources."

All oil companies are required to register with the Mexican Government and to receive "confirmatory concessions." In the case of some United States concession owners, *there is question as to the validity of their titles.* These companies may lose their "rights" to bad titles. In the other cases, if the titles are good, the companies are to receive concessions covering a period of fifty years.

Within fifty years, as a matter of course, all of the oil will have been exhausted from the present fields, but there is the matter of principle!

The principle involved is that I buy what I can pay for and keep what I buy! Humans? No, not since 1863. Oil? Certainly! And if the keeping of the Mexican oil fields costs a few rivulets of workingclass blood—well, at any rate, Standard will have the oil—and oil is thicker than blood any day.

Scott Nearing

Diaz says quite openly that Nicaragua wants another United States loan. President Coolidge insisted quite as openly in his message of January 10th, that the United States is in Nicaragua to protect American business interests. Coolidge began by calling attention to "the present disturbances and conditions, which seriously threatened American lives and property, endangered the stability of all Central America, and put in jeopardy the rights granted by Nicaragua to the United States for the construction of a canal.

There is no evidence cited to support this contention insofar as it refers to American lives and property. On the matter of the canal and of future loans, however, Nicaraguan opinion is anti-U. S. A., and Sacasa, Diaz's rival, evidently represents that opinion.

Later in the same message Coolidge made himself even clearer: "If the revolution continues, American investments and business interests in Nicaragua will be very seriously affected, if not destroyed. . . The proprietary rights of the United States in the Nicaragua Canal . . . place us in a position of peculiar responsibility."

That is the story—"Investments," "Business Interests," "Foreign Bond Holders," "Proprietary Rights." Uncle Sam is in Nicaragua looking after hard cash, or its equivalent. He wants a piece of property and he has gone with a gun to get it. A humble citizen of New York City, who did the same thing in his private capacity, would get life under the Baumes law. As for Uncle Sam—he will get a new canal site.

A word about the contestants in this latest effort of the United States to establish its chain of protectorates around the Caribbean. Nicaragua is a country with an area less than that of New York State, and a population one-tenth as great as New York City. It is a poor country, without a navy and with an army about big enough to confront the police reserves from one New York precinct.

Lined up against this tiny atom of statehood is the U. S. A., richest nation in the world, with its vast resources and its overwhelmingly enormous military machine.

This is no fight. It is murder. And the United States will get away with it just as it got away with the revolution which Roosevelt engineered in Panama in 1903 when a stubborn Colombian Congress refused to turn over the Panama Canal Zone to the United States.



EXCAVATION

Drawing by Jan Matulka

"Well, Wash, this is goanta be a swell dump. Have you picked out your room yet?"
 "Lordy no! Ah'll work with white folks, but for eatin' an' sleepin' ah sticks to Harlem."



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DON'T FIGHT WITH SEX

THE SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE FOR PROLETARIAN REVOLUTIONISTS

By CHARLES W. WOOD

"WHAT is the correct revolutionary proletarian attitude toward sex?" asks Floyd Dell, and he invites me, along with V. F. Calverton, Upton Sinclair, Scott Nearing and Michael Gold, to answer.

Thanks, Floyd, for giving me something easy. As a rule, I dodge ethical problems entirely. The correct attitude toward things is generally quite beyond me. It all depends, it seems to me, on what one happens to want. The correct attitude toward the ocean, for instance, would seem to depend upon whether one wanted to swim or drown or go to Europe. If sea-level did not agree with one's lungs, the correct attitude might even be to leave the ocean flat, and go to Denver or the Arizona desert.

But if one wants to be a revolutionary proletarian, his correct attitude toward sex may be more easily calculated. Shall he favor sex or shall he oppose it? Really, it can all be boiled down to that: for sex happens to be one of the things upon which it is practically impossible to remain neutral.

And my answer is that he had better favor it, if he wishes to be an efficient revolutionist. Getting into a fight with sex is pretty serious business: and he who undertakes it is not likely to have any energy left with which to fight capitalism.

I admit, of course, that one may fight sex all his life and still imagine that he is fighting other things. But the other things don't mind. They aren't disarranged appreciably by all his emotional flurries. If a workingman today really wants to change the conditions under which he lives, if he wants to help organize the machinery of modern life so that it will abolish poverty and war and the other cruelties of competition, he would do well, it seems to me, to keep his shirt on until the time comes when he can gracefully, and without any too violent blushing, take it off.

Please understand, when I say this, that I have not suddenly become converted to the idea of clothes. I still believe that the proper function of raiment is protection from the weather and the carrying out of such notions of line and color as may appeal to the wearer and those whom he wishes to impress. For shirts as a mere convention I have no use: but the conventions being what they are, the man who is forever pulling off his shirt is not after all a free soul but an exceedingly shirtyminded person.

It is a popular theory, I know, that revolutions result from the suppressed sexual desires of revolutionary agitators: and if a man enjoys sex relations which do not result in all-around agony, it is supposed that he will just naturally join the Rotary Club, vote for Coolidge and thank the Lord that he is living in the best of all possible worlds. The only trouble with this theory is that it is all bunk. Sex defeat may produce a strong willingness on the part of the defeated to rape and ruin the cosmos, but there is no record that the cosmos was ever revolutionized by such an attitude toward it.

Our social cosmos, however, has been revolutionized from time to time, through our gaining an understanding of the forces which operate within it. Steam, for instance, and electricity. When people discovered the nature of steam, and how much work it could do, they brought about the greatest changes of human history; and insofar as they acted upon discovered facts, their revolution endured.

Before the steam-engine was invented, the work of the world was necessarily done by slaves and serfs. After that, it began to be done by machinery; and no counter-revolution, no wave of reaction and no series of tactical blunders, even, upon the part of the advocates of steam-power, has ever resulted in the abolition of machinery and the re-establishment of slavery or of serfdom in its place.

Steam destroyed feudalism. Steam completely wrecked the institution of the family. Steam changed everybody's relation to everybody and made all the old rules of life unworkable. It was inevitable, then, that new ideals should be born, and they were. Many of them were born of suppressed desire, some were the result of scientific discovery. Both kinds may be classed as revolutionary ideals; but something always happened to the revolutions that were born of suppressed desire, and they didn't turn out exactly according to Hoyle.

There was the ideal of democracy, for instance. The lords had always held political sway theretofore, and the oppressed masses had never been permitted to do any lording. If the people could only rule, they felt, everything would be about all right. So the people rose in their might and oppressed themselves in every way they could think of; but they

never got quite the kick out of democracy that they had looked for, and there be some today who are almost ready to repudiate it.

Then there was the ideal of the happy marriage. Every boy and girl, by consulting Suppressed Desire, knew exactly how to become exquisitely happy for life. All that was necessary, they were sure, was to marry the One of One's Choice. The tyranny of the family had not hitherto permitted this. Parents and elders arranged all matches: and the family, having control of the economic destiny of the young folks, was always able to enforce its inhuman decrees.

But now, since her man could get a job in the factory, the young woman rebelled. With the help of several battalions of romantic novelists, she disobeyed the old folks and set out to fulfill her dream. It was a good thing she did, for if she hadn't done it, woman never would have become the person she eventually did become in a hundred and fifty years: nevertheless, no one will claim that the revolution she embarked upon ever got anywhere. The perfectly happy marriage got sidetracked somewhere.

The machine, on the other hand, did almost invariably whatever it was built to do. The makers of the machine were all revolutionists. Revolution was their business. They figured out how to revolutionize almost all human activities. They thought up new and more efficient ways of doing everything. Well, not everything, but almost everything. They didn't think up any better sex methods: but they did think up methods of raising food and making the other necessities of life, of building and transportation and communication, which were so much more satisfactory than the old methods that it was next to impossible for human beings ever to revert to the old methods again.

It is true that they did not succeed in making human life happy. But they cannot be held accountable for that, as they never set out on any such job. When anybody set out to make human life happy, it never occurred to him to employ the machine method. He usually started up a church or a political party, or wrote a book. These things which were intended to make people happy never accomplished their purpose, however, while the machine did accomplish about every purpose its makers had in mind.

The difference, as I see it, is this. The machine-makers (that is, the successful revolutionists) were guided

entirely by scientific observation of the nature of the forces with which they were operating. The unsuccessful revolutionists were guided by ideals born of their own suppressed desires.

The successful revolutionists acted upon what they had found out. The unsuccessful revolutionists acted upon how they felt. The first group, incidentally, got more co-operation. An engineer, for instance, in a fit of the dumps, might feel that the river he had set out to bridge was ten miles wide; while his colleague, in a high fever of optimism, might feel that it was only ten feet. Nevertheless, they could go on with the bridge, not by splitting the difference either and making it five miles long, but by surveying the canyon and abiding by the survey.

The leader of movements had to build according to his feelings, or by averaging up the feelings of all the followers he could muster. The only way he could get co-operation, as a rule, was by appealing to loyalty—loyalty to what he called "fundamental principles." The successful revolutionists did not have to do this. They could simply state their findings; and if those findings were fundamental, they knew that everybody must accept them or give way to those who did. No scientist, when he set forth the principle that water boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, had to urge his followers to give it their loyal support. If he had wanted loyal support for any such statement, he couldn't have been a scientist. That very desire would have made him a politician; and he would consult his constituents to find out what temperature they *wanted* water to boil at and then set his figure with what he called a decent regard for the weaknesses of human nature. In this way, I grant, he might build up a great movement. But he couldn't boil water, and he couldn't do anything with steam.

Now, as to the correct attitude of a proletarian revolutionist toward sex or anything else. If he wishes to be a successful revolutionist, it would seem that he must hold the scientific attitude. If he wishes merely to lead a movement that shall build a bridge to nowhere, he may take any fanciful attitude which appeals to him. It all depends upon what he wants. If he wants to lead just for the sake of leading, that is his business and I would not criticize him. But if he wants to get somewhere it is highly advisable that he find out how.

Now see if I have made myself clear. If a man wants to be a successful revolutionist, he must take a scientific attitude toward the revolution in which he has chosen to engage. He may be well-balanced mentally or he may be neurotic; but if he is guided by his findings and not by his neurosis, there is still a chance of his putting his revolution across. If, on the other hand, he becomes embroiled in a war with his own sex nature, the chances of his taking any worth-while observations become very slim. It is well, then, that he accept sex as he accepts the weather. It is well for him to understand that he can not run away from it. He may, perhaps, move to another climate, but there will be weather and sex wherever he goes, and he will have to adjust himself to them as best he can. Cursing the cold will accomplish nothing. Neither will voting for heat: that is, it can not accomplish anything of more significance than his election as President of the Anti-Freeze League. Building weather-proof houses, on the other hand, might help a lot. Or installing steam-heat, or paving the streets to get the best of the mud. In the end, perhaps, he may find a way to control the ocean currents so that folks can have the sort of weather they want; but the problem presents a number of difficulties, for how is anyone to know the kind of weather he wants? Winter being cold, he is likely to want heat; Summer being hot, he is likely to want cold; and in San Diego, where this isn't true, he is likely to become bored by the eternal sameness and wish the weather would change.

And how are we to know the kind of sex relations which we want? By consulting our suppressed desires, of course, the answer is ready: but that answer happens to be no good at all for a situation in which those desires are no longer suppressed.

Every unhappy married man today, whose wife gets terribly on his nerves, is quite sure that he knows exactly the kind of woman he would like to have. The chances are, in fact, that he knows the very woman; and not until he leaves his wife and takes up with the other woman does he realize that what he knew wasn't so. But it was so, in a way. The chances are that she was just the type to soothe a man who was suffering from his particular kind of wife; but she is no good at all for a man who no longer has that kind of a wife to torture him.

The psychoanalyst is likely to say that the man is suffering from a complex, and that his second union is equally unhappy because he carries his complex into that one too. It seems to me that the reverse is more likely to be true. Having broken from the complications of his first union, he can not carry them with him: and not having the same complications,



Drawing by William Siegel

CRUISERS ORDERED SOUTH

Worker: I swear, a day will come when such things shall not be!

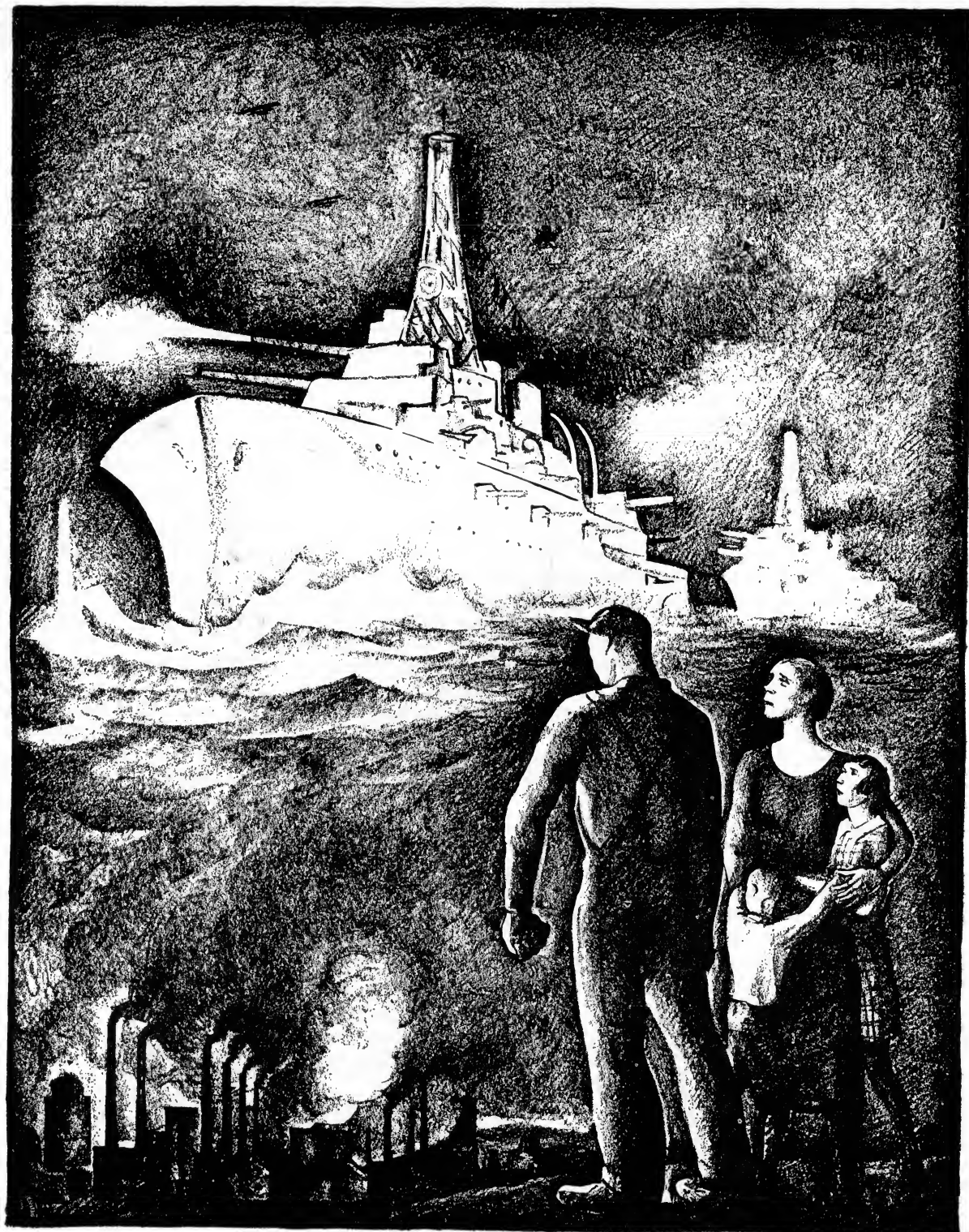
he is a very different person than he was before. Now it requires an altogether different type of woman to comfort him. This is the reason, as I see it, why adultery is generally so much more satisfactory emotionally than divorce.

Now let's get down to the "correct" attitude for the proletarian revolutionist. His revolution, after all, is somewhat different from that of the man whose sole object is a revolution in the manufacture of wash-boilers. He needs to be quite as scientific, but there are many more factors which he must take into consideration. He wants to abolish all class distinctions, all poverty, all insecurity and all war. He knows, if

this revolution succeeds, that our attitude toward everything must be changed. Property, he knows, will no longer dominate our thought: and he would like to free life, as far as he can today, from domination by the property concepts. Nevertheless when he himself goes crazy about a girl, he is quite as likely as is the average Kiwanian to try to get possession of her. He may be theoretically liberal. He may "grant" his wife certain privileges: and he may concede her right to throw him over for somebody else. Nevertheless, if he loves her passionately, he is quite likely to love her possessively; and if he fails to realize possession, he may go to pieces generally.

On the other hand, we have the "sex radical," who professes to be a revolutionist, but whose sole revolutionary activities consist of declaring his independence of all the conventions. This is the chap who can't keep his shirt on. He is a devout worshipper of irreverence. The saints shrink from him as from the Evil One, but the sinners pass him up as a nut. As a matter of fact, he doesn't sin very much. His great trouble, apparently, is not too much sex but the lack of any satisfying sex experience. He can not deal with sex as it is, so he insists that sex be all made over so that it will match his own neurosis.

Both of these types are undoubtedly-



CRUISERS ORDERED SOUTH

Drawing by William Siegel

Worker: I swear, a day will come when such things shall not be!

ly revolutionary, but neither, it seems to me, is likely to get anywhere with his revolution. For both are at war with sex, and that war exhausts so much of their energy that they can't work at the revolution.

A more satisfactory attitude, it seems to me, and in that sense more "correct," is that of the revolutionist who is trying to find out what sex is, how it acts and what can be done with it.

The psychoanalyst, it seems to me, has gone amuck in this search, not because he is unscientific but because he bases all his calculations upon a phenomenon which does not exist. He assumes to begin with that each of us has a psyche, and like those who took the existence of spirits for granted, he launches upon most entertaining speculations. The believers in spirits, if you will remember, used to argue about how many spirits could stand on the point of a needle, and the believers in the individual psyche now argue as to what that psyche will do when it meets another one.

No one ever saw a psyche. There is no proof that any such thing ever existed. There is no proof that any individual ever had a mind, either conscious or unconscious. There is proof of the existence of bodies and of brains, and there is also evidence of consciousness. But the evidence, insofar as there is any, is that the consciousness exists not within any individual body but in the relations which are set up between body and body.

Just as radio does not exist either in the transmitter or in the receiver, and you can not get the truth about radio from the most minute analysis of either instrument; so, it seems to me, we can not get the truth about sex by trying to study the supposed spirit or soul within each man and woman. The same is true of thought. No man, I am sure, ever did any thinking by himself. Thought emanated from the contacts of man with man, from the various relations which were set up in the procession of the anthropoids on their way toward human existence.

Human life is not individual. What is human in life is entirely exterior to the individual. It is in his so-called artificiality that the human differs from the animal, in his ability to act, not merely according to the knowledge transmitted to him by his physical heredity but by the knowledge transmitted by speech, by tradition, by books, by culture. In all probability it took millions of people millions of years to learn how to make a fire. If they didn't know how to build a fire today, we would hardly recognize them as a human; and yet no human being is born with this knowledge, or would ever develop it unless he came in contact with someone who had acquired it.

Now for the human way to express sex. It must be evident that we are not born with any social technique, and I am quite sure that we can not find this technique by a mere study of the things we are born with. Sex is social. It is beyond the individual. It is a matter of human relations; and what its satisfactory expression may be at any given period in human evolution would seem to depend entirely upon what human relations are.

to teach today, as opposed to those who visualize revolution only in terms of suppressed desires. To industrialize Russia. To initiate everybody into the collective use of power—of power which in its very nature is collective.

It is a hobby of mine that the same revolution is progressing rapidly in America; but that the revolutionists generally do not know that they are revolutionists, while those who think

to me that the kids are far less jealous than they were in my day. That is, they are less concerned with how women are owned and are more concerned with how they may be used to the best advantage. That, as I see it, is the revolutionary attitude, for it is in entire keeping with the all-embracing revolution which has been going on. It seems to me also that it is the most satisfactory, and therefore the most nearly "correct" attitude for anyone to take who really wants to see the consummation of the industrial revolution.

For property, as an institution, is fading out. It no longer counts for much in human affairs. To be sure, it has not been repudiated, but we need not worry about that. Men, the biologists tell us, once wore tails, and now we haven't any; still we never officially repudiated them; we just wagged them less and less through the ages until eventually we didn't have any tails to wag.

Human evolution, we must remember, is not a slow process like biological evolution. Human evolution is the evolution of human relations, and human relations are in a state of rapid and cataclysmic change. In that change, we are finding among other things that nothing can be owned in the sense that things were owned only a short time back. Ownership then implied the right to follow our own, sweet, unrestricted, individual will toward our property. We could use the wheelbarrow we owned or we could dismantle and destroy it. But no one can own a modern industry in any such savage way as that. To be sure, we can still exercise ownership toward wheelbarrows, but we can get little satisfaction out of such ownership for the simple reason that wheelbarrows in these days do not count.

It is possible, also, to exercise considerable ownership toward a woman, but not toward a woman who counts. If we want the relationship to count anything in present day life, we must forget ownership altogether and get busy on technique. Not that our suppressed desires will necessarily lead us to such a course, but because this is the way of the revolution—the way of human life.

There is a reason why property is no longer workable. When people could imagine themselves independent of other people, it was quite easy to imagine that what was theirs was no concern whatever of anybody else. But it just happens to be impossible to take this attitude toward what is generally looked upon as property today. For the machine civilization has drawn us all together. It has drawn each of us into relations with everybody else. Each life today has a million contacts with the world at large, contacts which can not be ignored. No one person can now

(Continued on page 31)



Drawing by I. Klein

BATTLE OF THE BIOGRAPHERS

"He swore!"—"He drank!"—"He made love!"

Heretofore, for a long period in history, they have been property relations. But when the steam engine came into existence, and the modern machine began to be built up, we have found it increasingly necessary to disregard the property principle.

This is the age of power. Not who owns that power but how it is used is the one big problem. One person might "own" it all on paper; but if he used it for the utmost possible service to everybody, no one would care. On the other hand, the world commonwealth might "own" it and, if we did not know how to use it, nothing but disaster could ensue. This is the lesson which the responsible revolutionists of Russia are trying

they are revolutionists are dealing more or less romantically with their suppressed desires. But human relations are changing as the machine is being perfected: and as human relations change, all human life is changed. The younger generation today is revolutionary, in its attitude toward sex as well as toward religion, politics, patriotism and a lot of other things. That they are correct I would not say, but they are feeling their way, they are trying this and that, they are experimenting and taking note of what happens; and that, I think, is the correct attitude to take.

And insofar as they take it, it seems to me, the old traditional pulls do not seem to pull so hard. It seems



Drawing by I. Klein

BATTLE OF THE BIOGRAPHERS

"He swore!"—"He drank!"—"He made love!"

THIS COCK-EYED WORLD—BY WILLIAM GROPPER

HOW I BECAME A MILLIONAIRE



I Began My Career By Licking Stamps—



Hard Work and Persistent Diligence—



And My Striving To Please—



Soon Found My Way To The Boss's Heart.



Now I'm Well Established In The Licker Business— And Others May Lick My Leavings

GROPPER

STRONG HANDS—A STORY

By DON RYAN

THE SUNDAY morning that Deacon Stark had a set-to in the barn with his son, Milt hitched up and drove into Oelwein.

Tall cornstalks rustled pleasantly along his route, but Milt's thoughts were bitter. His father had called him ungrateful and irreligious. Irreligious was not the word the deacon had used. He had cut his son with a shrewd back-handed stroke.

"You ain't fittin' to be a peressor," he had told him, with the infinite scorn of the heaven-bound traveler who gazes with disdain upon the hobo trying to steal a ride on the trucks.

Milt flipped the cornstalks with the tip of his buggy whip. The tin roofs of Oelwein glinted through the summer haze. As Milt hitched the mare to a post he heard the whistle of a train and the loafers in the shade of the corn-crib station came half alive.

"Continental fer Los Angeles," observed Alf Menger, the station agent. "Haf to stop here fer water I reckon."

Los Angeles, the haven to which his prosperous neighbors retired to spend their declining years in delicious ease. Los Angeles, the Eden of the radiant picture postcards he had received from schoolmates living there.

Milt left the mare in Alf's care, scratched off a note to his father, and boarded the train. He had on his Sunday pants and sewed inside the waistband was more than enough for his railway fare to paradise.

* * *

Milt Stark shot glances of covert curiosity at the other workers jolt-ing along on the track. He had never seen any of these little swarthy men who wore broad sombreros, smoked so many cigarettes and occasionally spoke to one another in Spanish.

He had obtained a job in Los Angeles without much difficulty. The boss had only asked to see his hands. Milt stretched out for inspection these by-products of the Iowa cornfields. They were large and hard. Milt had very strong hands.

Laborers were wanted to build the new race course at Tia Juana. That was in Mexico. The prospect of visiting a foreign country inflamed Milt with desire. A week of digging and shoveling on the track had in no wise abated his curiosity.

Milt was obedient. He took the insolent orders of a straw boss without question and dutifully gave up a share of his wages demanded at the end of the week.

There were some among the race track gang who spoke his language—working stiff from the North, drifting southward with the approach of autumn. Defiant fellows, with no fear in their hearts for the God who was smugly served by Deacon Stark back in Iowa. Men with a tolerant contempt for bosses.

Milt talked to them. They told him many new things. They liked the big farmer kid and one stiff warned Milt about women.

"They'll gyp you," he said, "every time."

At night, when the digging was done, Milt walked back and forth along the short street of the frontier resort. Tia Juana at night was a golden sunflower dropped on the desert under a clear, semi-tropical sky. The sky was immeasurably deep and the moon and stars seemed to descend much closer to earth than Milt had ever seen in Iowa.

But he had little time to observe the moon and stars. Wooden shacks blaring with light, where fashionably dressed men and women in furs stood with their feet on brass railings, and drank and laughed—for him they possessed all the fascination of the unknown. The monotonous whir of roulette wheels, the monotonous chant of the dealers at faro, were as interesting to him as the cries of strange

birds in the corn. The women with whitened bodies who postured in suggestive dances to the music of jazz orchestras, loosed a cataract of feeling which he had not even known he possessed.

And when he ventured a gulp of stinging tequila the cataract swelled to the proportions of Niagara and roared proudly through his being.

* * *

The girl was quite different from any Milt had ever seen. Her black eyes were circled with mascaro. Her dark cheeks were painted a rich, red-brown. Her full, damp lips were red as blood.

"Come on, kid," she said to Milt and laughed, showing sharp teeth.

Milt went with her, the board-walk creaking under his heavy shoes. The girl, he noticed, wore black satin slippers with high heels. They were new. Where the desert dust was deep in a hollow, like a wash that fills with water after a rain, Milt carried her across to spare her slippers. The girl curled one arm warmly about his neck. He smelled a drug-store fragrance that was as intoxicating as the tequila and made the blood beat madly in his wrists. . .

It was almost time to go to work when Milt roused. His brain was not yet clear. But his heart was gay. He was thinking that he was beginning to live—as a man lives. A life that was unknown to Oelwein; that was bright with electric lights, loud with laughter, warm and fragrant

with a drug-store smell more potent than the odor of fruit trees blooming on the farm of Deacon Stark.

It was not until evening, when he stopped to buy a cigar on his way from work, that Milt discovered his loss. The packet of bills that he always wore pinned to the waistband of his overalls—was gone. All he had saved of the deacon's grudging bounty—all the money accumulated during the years he had hired out to the neighbors—all swept away in one cruel moment. Even the silver change in his pockets had been taken.

That evening Milt clumped along the board walk as usual in his heavy shoes. He was vaguely looking for the black-eyed girl with the sharp teeth. He did not expect to find her.

But another girl met him. She was pale, rather dark, although her face had been painted vermillion and white. Her hair was pale yellow and her eyes were blue. Her teeth were not small and sharp, but large and irregular. She was not so pretty as the other girl, but she was pretty.

"Come on, kid," she said.

Milt went with her and at the place where the dust was deep he carried her across. The girl sighed as she placed her arm around his neck.

"Where you from, kid?" she asked him.

"Iowa," said Milt.

The girl sighed again. A few minutes later Milt noticed that her eyes were damp.

"Why're you cryin'?" he inquired.

"I don't know. Only I'm from Iowa too—I wuz—oncet," said the girl and tried to fix up the mascaro, which was beginning to run.

Milt laughed suddenly.

"That's funny," he said.

He took out of his pocket a flask of tequila.

"Drink?" he said.

The girl shook her head. Milt raised the flask to his lips and began drinking.

* * *

"I reckon that was it."

The California sheriff kicked an empty flask.

"White men can't stand drinkin' that stuff," he spoke again. "Only a kid, ain't he?"

He bent lower and pushed a pair of steel bracelets over Milt's wrists.

"Jest a little precaution when he comes to," added the sheriff with a wink.

He looked down at the floor where the yellow-haired girl lay. The two dark bruises on her throat had turned a very deep purple, shot with red, the color of the desert sky just before dawn. The California sheriff looked at the bruises.

"Gawd, he had strong hands!" said the sheriff.



Drawing by Otto Soglow

A traction magnate reaffirms his faith in the five cent fare.



Drawing by Otto Soglow

A traction magnate reaffirms his faith in the five cent fare.

CLASS WAR IN THE MOUNTAINS

By IDA TREAT

"COMRADES, the revolution of '89 never reached our Pyrenees. Here in the mountains, our masters are feudal lords!"

A fist crashed on the table. The circle of glass "*porrous*" skidded across the oakboards, splashing red wine through their shouts. A roar of approval greeted the concluding words of the speaker.

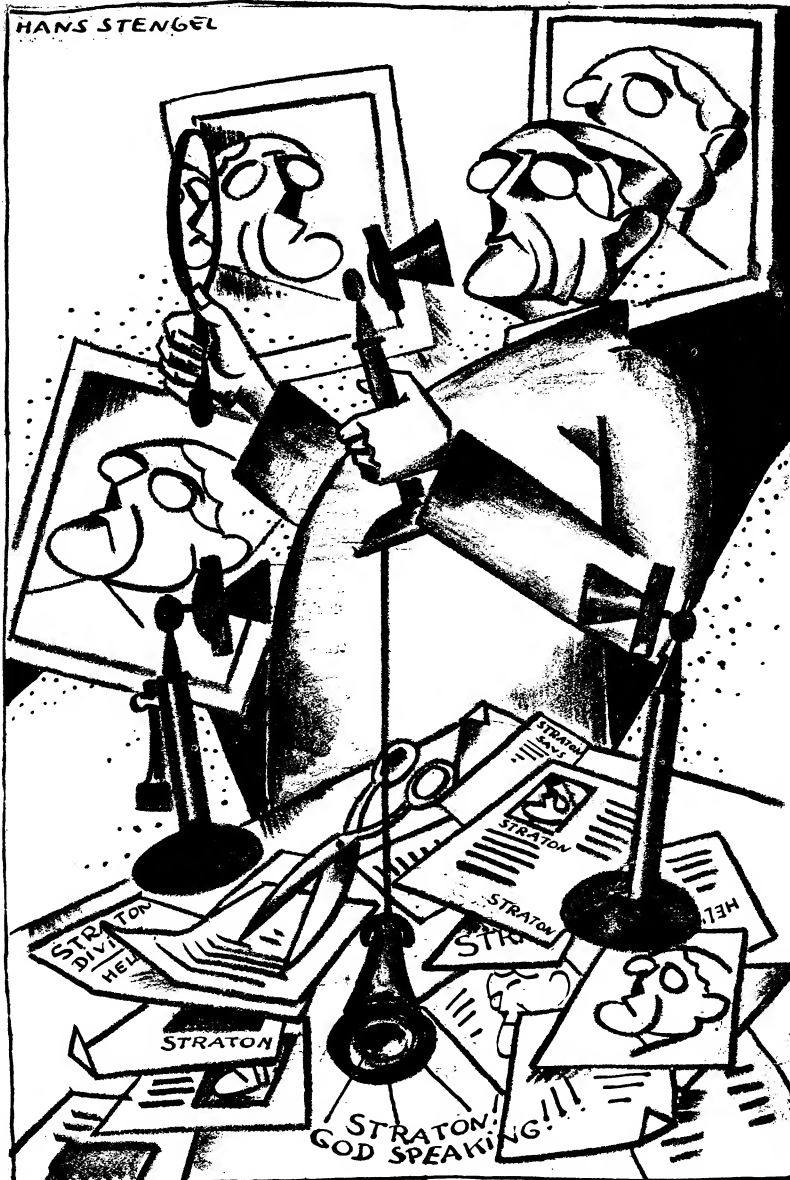
"*A bas les seigneurs! A bas les propriétaires!*" clamored a hundred voices.

Peasants filled the low-ceilinged vine-room, French Catalonians, wiry and black, young men, with here and there a gray-beard. They blocked the doorway, overflowed into the street, mingling with Indo-Chinese, Arabs, and Senegalese, crowded and curious, from the military sanatorium close by.

Prats-de-Mollo, old fortress town of the Spanish border, has for years been the center of a hotly contested conflict between land-owners and agricultural workers. This is mountain country, lumbering, cattle raising, general farming, on estates of from one to five-hundred acres, immense for France, and worked by farm hands or tenants on shares. Since the war, two unions have established locals in the district; the tenants' union—*Syndicat des Metayers*—and that of the farm hands—*Syndicat des Ouvriers Agricoles*. Already they have won two minor victories—a fifteen franc minimum wage for the day-laborer, and a new contract for the tenant. Formerly the landlord claimed one half the annual output of the tenant farms—grain, live stock, dairy products and fruit. Under the new contract, the half is reduced to two-fifths.

It was the violation of this contract that had set the whole region aboil with indignation. Early in April, a wealthy landlord rented a vacant farm to a newcomer in the district, under the old system of half and half. News travels rapidly in the mountains. Within a week the union had wind of the affair. A delegation visited the tenant. He was given a choice—to break his contract forthwith or—get out of the country. The *metayer* accepted the terms of the *Syndicat*, but the proprietor took another view of the matter. Contracts were contracts. He would have no pantless bastards—*sans culottes, hils de puto*—dictating to him on his own land, not by God's brothel! He would call in the gendarmes.

The gendarmes arrived, bicycled about the country, perquisitioned at the offices of the union, searched the homes of its most prominent members and took their departure. Nothing



Portrait of an Eminent Divine about to refuse \$30,000 retainer for defending God's Image against the Simians.

further happened. Down at Perpignan, the Prefect, representative of a liberal government and preoccupied just then by its political fate, turned a deaf ear to the angry protests of the mountain landlord. The *Syndicat* talked menacingly of boycottage and strikes. Whereupon the proprietor decided to take things into his own hands. The secretary of the local happened to be one of his own tenants. He declared to all who cared to hear that he would shoot the latter on sight. This is mountain country.

One spring evening, as the young farmer followed a lonely path through the pine woods, the charge from a shot-gun, aimed fortunately too high, crashed overhead, spattering the branches with a harmless rain of lead. Twenty-four hours later, a meeting of the tenants union called in haste, crowded the Café of l'Es-

cargoul, in one of the narrow streets that circle about the 17th century fortress of Vauban, with a hundred indignant farmers.

Discussion ran high. Attempted murder—was this a signal for the class war? What action should be taken by the *Syndicat*?

"String up the landlord!" The speaker, a black-browed peasant, accompanied the words with a suggestive gesture.

"*Douze balles dans la peau!*" shouted a young farmer who wore a faded coat of horizon-blue.

"Softly, softly . . ." The figure of the Paris delegate, trim in his city clothes, showed black beneath the lamp. "We will gain nothing by violence. . . Not yet. We must remain on the defensive."

"And let our men be slaughtered!" The voice was a woman's.

By midnight, they had reached a

decision. An armed guard would accompany the secretary to the high farm of Parsigoul, and at daybreak there would be a final attempt at negotiations . . . under pressure.

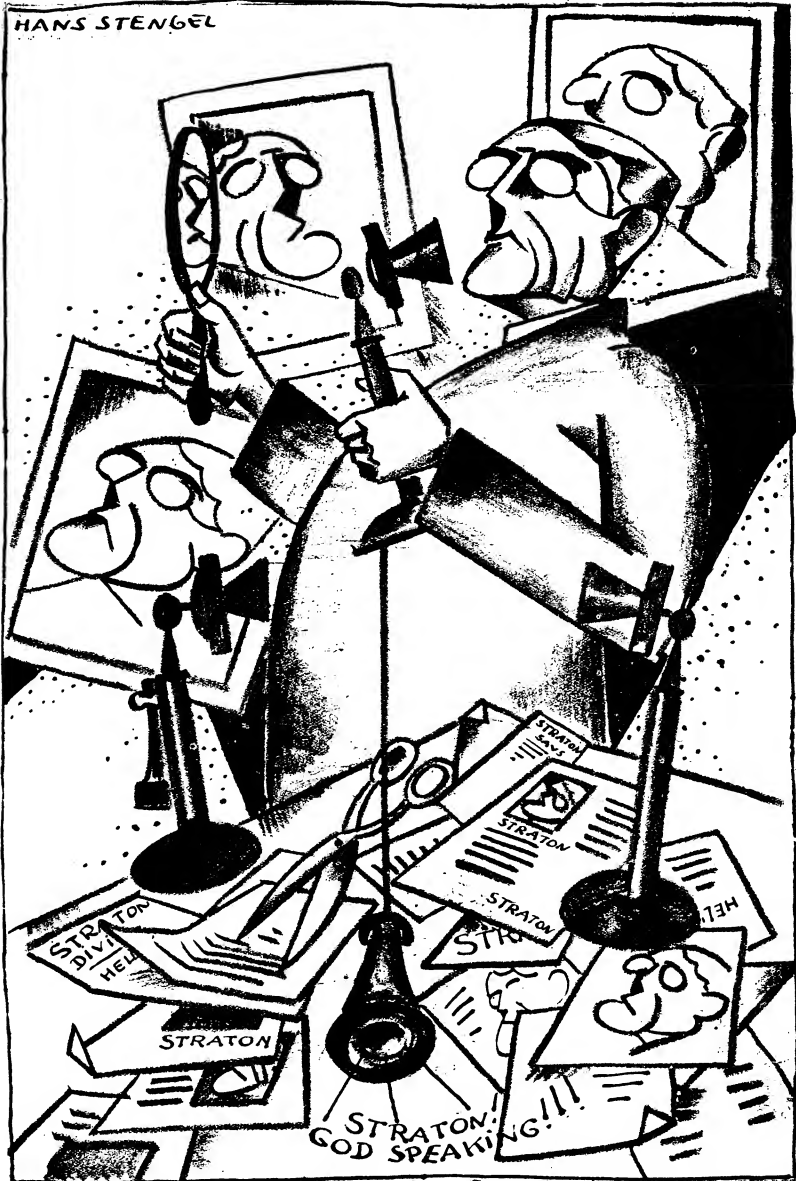
Out of doors the sky showed luminous with a hidden moon, but the valley lay black between two ridges of mountains. No sound but the rush of the torrent far below, and the brush of sandals on the uneven trail. Eleven men, eleven dark silhouettes, shot-gun on shoulder. Up and up. One o'clock; halt at a mountain inn where four young *metayers* were dancing the *cerdanas* to the music of a graphophone, and a couple of melancholy customs men seated before the fire, viewed the guns of the expedition without disfavor and complained of the hardships of their calling. Then the trail again, through the pine woods, past sleeping farms, windowless fortresses of sun-dried bricks, with dogs, vociferous and aggressive, behind barred doors. Three o'clock. A sudden ray of light among the tree trunks. The *metayer* of Pasagout, a black cube on the hillside, and the figure of a woman waiting in the bright doorway. A hundred yards away showed the house of the "master," massive and square, the bell-tower of its chapel rising above the tiled roof. From within came a muffled, heavy chorus of hounds.

"Each night, he locks himself in with his dogs," explained the young tenant. "He keeps eight of them, to hunt the wild boar."

"Watch-dogs . . . for us," supplemented his wife. "They guard us just as we guard the flocks!"

Beyond the threshold, the farm kitchen with its floor of beaten earth, ruddy with the glow of pine-logs that flamed on the hearth under a swinging iron crane. The one window, a narrow slit in the masonry, cut by a single jagged bar, had been closed for the night with a bundle of straw. Stacking their guns, the delegation found seats about a table of massive oak, while the hostess filled the glass *porrous* from the wine-skin that dangled from the beams overhead. An atmosphere of the middle ages, but the conversation was of the present: Russia, Marxism, revolution . . . while the logs burnt low in the chimney, and out of doors, gray morning broke over the peaks.

The sun had not reached the slope when the "negotiators" made their way towards the manor, closed and hostile in the gray light, the Paris delegate in the lead, while ten men with their guns followed single file. Repeated thuds of a knocker on a panel of heavy oak. A moment's par-



Drawing by Hans Stengel

Portrait of an Eminent Divine about to refuse \$30,000 retainer
for defending God's Image against the Simians.

ley, the door opened cautiously, admitted the figure of the Paris delegate, and closed again behind him. Minutes passed, while the escort leaned on their guns and smoked reflective cigarettes. Again the door creaked open.

"So then, it's understood? *A tout a l'heure. Bonjour, Monsieur, Bonjour!*"

The delegate rejoined the waiting group.

"Victory," he grinned. "Your landlord is completely cowed. He has been expecting a visit from the gendarmes, and thought we had come to arrest him. He will be down at Prats by noon to draw up a new contract."

Back in the farm-house kitchen, the young secretary of the union replaced his rifle on the hooks above the chimney.

"Some day we will need this again," he remarked soberly. "For we're not going to be tenants forever!"

II.

We were seated, three chamois hunters at the end of a long day among the peaks, in the stone cabin of the shepherd of Salaou. At our knees crackled a fire of juniper roots. Behind us the bed of dried sod filled three fourths of the hut. With his long wooden spoon, the shepherd stirred the *farinette*—corn-flour and milk—that thickened in its pot above the flame. Out of doors, night and rain hid the summits.

"Bad weather for the eyes," remarked the old man, wiping the moisture from his cheeks with the back of a hand. "You see, I almost lost my eyesight helping make money for Monsieur Lamont."

"Was it the war?" one of us questioned.

"The war, yes, that is to say, the gas . . . Monsieur Lamont made poison-gas at his factory down in the valley. Today, three of the men of our village are blind. I am old and it does not matter so much. But the others are young . . . And now Monsieur Lamont has made millions. *Sale homme!*"

"The whole mountain belongs to Monsieur Lamont," the shepherd continued, addressing the fire. "His grandfather bought it for the price of a dinner, because our commune had no money to pay the taxes. Today we have to pay Monsieur Lamont for the right to pasture our flocks on the *alp*. His chateau down in the valley has as many windows as there are days in the year. Monsieur Lamont owns the forge. He owns the iron mines. He is in league with the *curés* . . ."

"You don't care for the *curés*?"

"No, *fichtre!* In our commune there are fifty men who don't go to

mass. Our wives too, keep away from the *curés*. For they are all alike, *les curés*. . . spies, all of them, of Monsieur Lamont!"

The old man spat noisily into the flame. In the doorway, the shaggy little sheep dog lifted an inquiring muzzle and hazarded a timid step towards her master.

"Down, dog!" A fresh armful of juniper gave new energy to the fire. The canopy of smoke sagged lower above our heads.

"When you start the Revolution in Paris, remember that down in our commune we have fifty men who are ready and armed. They know us at the Prefecture. They call us the

bolsheviks of Orlat! And they are right. *Bolsheviks!*"

The old man nodded at the flame.

"Do you know that back in '48 we could have taken back all that is ours—the mountain, the mines, the forge? My old folks used to tell the story. . . How the men of Orlat came down the mountain with their guns. Those in the valley hid in their cellars. Like frightened rats. Our men marched straight to the chateau. Old Lamont, the grandfather of our Monsieur, had locked himself in the donjon. Some said: 'We will burn the nest with the bird inside!' But the servants of the marquis brought out wine. Barrels of wine in the court of the chateau. And when the men of Orlat were all drunk, they said: 'We will come back tomorrow and drink the rest!' Next day, the chateau was filled with soldiers. They opened fire on the men of Orlat. Four were killed; one was my father's brother."

"And so," the old man concluded, lifting the steaming pot from its wooden crane, "today we pay Monsieur Lamont for the right to walk on our mountain. We work twelve hours a day at the forge and in the mine. But the men of Orlat have not forgotten. When the signal comes they will march again down the mountain. And all the chateau has taken, the chateau will give back again. Or this time for sure, we will burn the bird in the nest!"

For a moment there was no sound in the hut but the crackling juniper roots and the trickle of rain in the low doorway. Suddenly the shepherd gave a silent laugh.

"I think of our mountains, our mighty mountains, and of the one little man, asleep now, down in the valley, who believes he will own them forever. Our own mountains! I tell you, at Orlat there are fifty men who do not go to mass. Fifty men, ready and armed, who are only waiting the signal. . ."

THE FLAPPERS' STRIKE

They call it the Flappers' Strike. This in the face of the oft-repeated assertion that women, especially American women are hard to organize. Yet here is an organization—the Paper Box Makers' Union—composed fully two-thirds of girls. Below Washington Square you can see them leading the picket line that goes marching 500 strong.

The cops have been pretty rough. When they aren't loading boxes, or actually driving the paper box wagons for the bosses (at the city's expense), they are apt to be using their clubs on these good looking kids. Yet those girls are good fighters. The sixteenth week of their strike shows no ebbing of their morale. But their union is hard up for funds. Send donations care NEW MASSES.

LENIN

Surrounded by the ancient walls of the Kremlin, where the rotten splendor of the Czar's Court fed on the "black bone" of the peasant, where, later, the valiant Red battalions fought to sweep that old Russia off the face of the earth, Lenin lies under a modest wooden mausoleum, as simple as a peasant's hut. Three years have passed since he died, (January 22, 1924), and the man who was already a legend while he was living, is now offered the almost religious faith of the masses. From frost bitten Siberia, from balmy Crimea, from the vast plains of the Volga,—from Russian and Ukrainian and Tartar and Jew, adoring hearts reach out to Lenin. The artless figure of him, who was so unaffected and homely in life, has become gigantic and overwhelming in the consciousness of the masses. Out of the pain and hope and yearnings and pent-up fighting energy of the masses, the Lenin legend is growing; he is the hero-saint of proletarian revolt, the miraculous leader of peasant upheaval, the avenging knight-errant of capitalists' expropriation and land confiscation, the bringer of justice to the oppressed—a saint more real and revered than any in the history of the world.

Historian and artist stand aghast before this living wonder. What is it that made Lenin—*Lenin*? We concede his unmatched clarity of vision which revealed to him the path the Russian revolution would go even before the forces that made it possible had ripened. We concede his genius for organization, whereby he outlined the method of building a proletarian party twenty years before it was successfully accomplished. We concede his intellectual intrepidity which moved him, one month after the outbreak of the world war, to declare all war socialists, (practically nine-tenths of the official social-democratic leadership) traitors to the cause of socialism, to declare the Second International dead and to demand the building up of a new, proletarian, class-conscious International. It was an uncanny understanding of the spirit of the people and an unbounded belief in the creative power of the proletariat which made him lead the masses to seizure of state power in face of the opposition of *all* the other socialist parties, in face of the resistance of even some of his closest communist associates? We must acknowledge his uncanny shrewdness, his ability to find the proper solution for the most tangled problems, his knack of reducing the most momentous socio-political tasks to the simplest terms, his readiness to acknowledge error, his ruthlessness in suppressing opposition, his eagerness to forgive when danger was over.

All these are attributes of Lenin, but separately or together they do not wholly explain him. He stands for more than sociology or economics or political leadership or "dictatorship of the proletariat" or "distribution of the land among the peasants." He is above all *a person*, a radiant, magnetic individual, deep and unassuming, powerful and simple, militant and friendly, abstract and singularly humane, imposing, imponderable as fate, yet utterly self-oblivious, towering above all, yet equal to all, making history but avoiding the limelight, gripping a continent in an iron paw and smiling with the innocence of a child.

What to others was a matter of learning, with Lenin was instinct. What others only "figured out," Lenin knew. Where others were aloof, Lenin always, even in utter seclusion, was astir with the feelings of the masses. Lenin was the worker-peasant equipped with modern knowledge. Lenin was the worker-peasant projected into the future.

A worker of miracles, if there ever was one in this world.

Moissaye J. Olgin.

AFTER THE BATTLE

By I. BABIEL

Translated by Max Eastman

THE story of my quarrel with Akinfiiev is this:

On the thirty - first occurred the attack near Chesniki. The troops assembled in the woods beside the village, and at six o'clock in the evening charged the enemy. He was waiting for us on a height three versts away. We galloped three versts on horses infinitely exhausted, and jumping up the hill, saw a deadly wall of black uniforms and white faces. They were Cossacks who had turned traitor at the beginning of the Polish battles, and had been organized into a brigade by commander Iakovliev. Drawing up his horsemen in a square, the Commander was waiting for us with naked saber. A gold tooth glittered in his mouth, the black beard lay on his chest like an ikon on a corpse. The enemy machine-guns fired at twenty paces, the wounded were falling in our ranks. We trampled them under, and struck the enemy, but his square never quivered, and then we ran.

Such the temporary victory of the Savinkovists over the Sixth Division. It was won because the attacked never turned their faces away before the lava of the attacking troops. The Commander stood us off that time, and we ran without purpling our sabers with the miserable blood of those traitors.

Five thousand men, our whole division, flew down the slope pursued by nobody. The enemy remained on the hill. He did not believe in his improbable victory, and could not make up his mind to follow. Therefore we remained alive, and rolled back without loss into the valley, where we were met by Vinogradov, Sixth Sub-Div-Chief. Vinogradov was tossing on a furious race-horse, and turning the flying cossacks back into the fight.

"Liotov," he shouted, at sight of me, "turn back the soldiers, damn your soul. . ."

Vinogradov whipped his rocking stallion with the stock of his mauler, shrieked and exhorted the men.

I left him and rode up to the Kirgese, Gulimov, galloping not far off. .

"Up again, Gulimov," I said.
"Turn back your horse..."

"Turn back your horse's tail," Gulimov answered and looked round. He took a sneaking look round, fired, and burned the hair over my ear.

"Yours turn back," Gulimov whispered, grabbed me by the shoulder, and tried to draw his saber with the other hand. The saber stuck tight in the scabbard, the Kirgese trembled, peered about, embraced my shoul-

der, and leaned his eyes nearer and nearer.

"Yours forward," he repeated just audibly, "me after you..." and he knocked me lightly on the chest with the blade of his loosening saber. I became nauseated with the nearness of death and the tightness of it. I pushed away with my palm the face of the Kirgese, hot like a stone in the sun, and I scratched him as deep

as I could. The warm blood moved under my finger-nails, tickled them; I rode away from Gulimov, panting as though from a long journey. My used-up friend, my horse, went at a walk. I rode without seeing the path, I rode without turning round, until I met Vorobiev, commander of the first brigade. Vorobiev was looking for his quartermasters and hadn't found them. We made our way with him to the village of Chesniki and sat down there on a bench along with Akiniev, former driver for the Revolutionary Tribunal. Sashka, Sister of Mercy with the Thirty-first

Cavalry passed by us and two Commanders took a seat on the bench. Those Commanders mused and said nothing; one of them, injured, continually rocked his head and winked with a protruding eye. Sashka went to tell about him in the hospital and then returned to us, leading a mare by the rein. Her mare resisted, and slid on her hoofs in the wet clay.

"Where you sailing for?" Vorobiev said to the Sister. "Sit down with us a minute, Sash..."

"I don't sit with you," Sashka answered and struck the mare in the belly. "Not for a minute..."



Drawing by I. Klein

WORKER: "Workers of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains."
BRAIN WORKER: "True, but I love my chains."



Drawing by I. Klein

WORKER: "Workers of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains."
BRAIN WORKER: "True, but I love my chains."



DEPARTURE

Drawing by Wanda Gag

"What's up?" shouted Vorobiev, laughing. "You've changed your mind about going with the boys?"

"With you I changed it"—the girl turned toward the commander and threw the rein far from her. "I changed my mind about going with you Vorobiev, because I saw you today, you heroes, and your disgrace, commander..."

"And when you saw it," muttered Vorobiev, "why didn't you shoot?"

"Shoot!" said Sashka with desperation, and she tore off the hospital-badger from her sleeve—"Shoot with this, heh?"

And here Akinfiev moved up to us, the former driver for the Revolutionary Tribunal, with whom I had a long standing account not settled.

"You have nothing to shoot with, Sashka," he said soothingly. "Nobody blames you for that, but I only want to blame him who mixes up in a fight, and doesn't put cartridges in his gun... You went to the attack," Akinfiev suddenly shouted at me, and a spasm passed over his face. "You

went in and you didn't load your gun, where's the reason?"

"Get out, Ivan," I said to Akinfiev, but he did not desist and came nearer, all doubled over, epileptic, and without ribs.

"The Polak you, yes, but you him, no," muttered the Cossack, turning and twisting with a bruised hip. "Where's the reason?"

"The Polak me, yes," I answered boldly, "but I the Polak, no..."

"That is, you're a Molokan,"* whispered Akinfiev moving back.

"That is, a Molokan," I said, louder than before. "What are you after, Ivan?"

"I'm after this, that you confess," Ivan shouted with wild triumph, "you confess, and for me there's a written law on Molokans, that you can bump them off, if you want to; they worship god..."

Gathering a crowd, the Cossack shouted about Molokans unceasingly. I tried to go away from him, but

*A Russian sect, religious and vegetarian, who, like the Quakers, refuse to kill. The name comes from the word *moloko*, which means milk.

he followed, and when he caught up to me, hit me in the back with his fist.

"You didn't load," Akinfiev whispered in a swoon under my very ear, and fumbled about with big fingers trying to tear my mouth. "You worship god, you traitor..."

He jerked and tore at my mouth, I shoved away the epileptic, and hit him in the face. Akinfiev fell sideways to the ground, and falling, hurt himself and bled.

Then Sashka went to him with shaking breasts. The woman poured water on Ivan, and drew from his mouth a long tooth that was swinging in his black mouth like a birch on a bare hill.

"Roosters have only one interest," Sashka said, "to jab each other in the face, and from such business as this, from today's, I just want to shut my eyes..."

She said this with anguish, and took the shattered Akinfiev away home with her, and I dragged myself toward the village of Chesniki aslide in the tireless Galician rain.

The village swam and swelled, purple clay flowed from its tired wounds. A first star gleamed above me and fell into a cloud. The rain lashed the willows and died out. The wind flew up into the sky like a flock of birds, and the darkness covered me with her wet wreath. I grew weak, and bending under that funeral crown, I went forward, praying to fate for the simplest of gifts—the ability to kill a man.

ON LOOKING UP AT THE SKY-SCRAPER I SERVE IN

With a few cans of TNT we could have a helluva lotta fun with you

The whole damn town could go on a toot At dusk, say, we'd all rally 'round Just as if Trudy was coming in her red roadster

Or Rudy in his silver-bronze coffin Or the Queen of Rumania in her Burgundy crepe gown

Then the Mayor himself in his high silk hat could lay his index finger on a button

And you'd be a cloud of brick dust, raining steel

Next day we'd level off the ground Hold a solemn ceremonial for the old folks

Let them plant trees.

Traverse Clements.



DEPARTURE

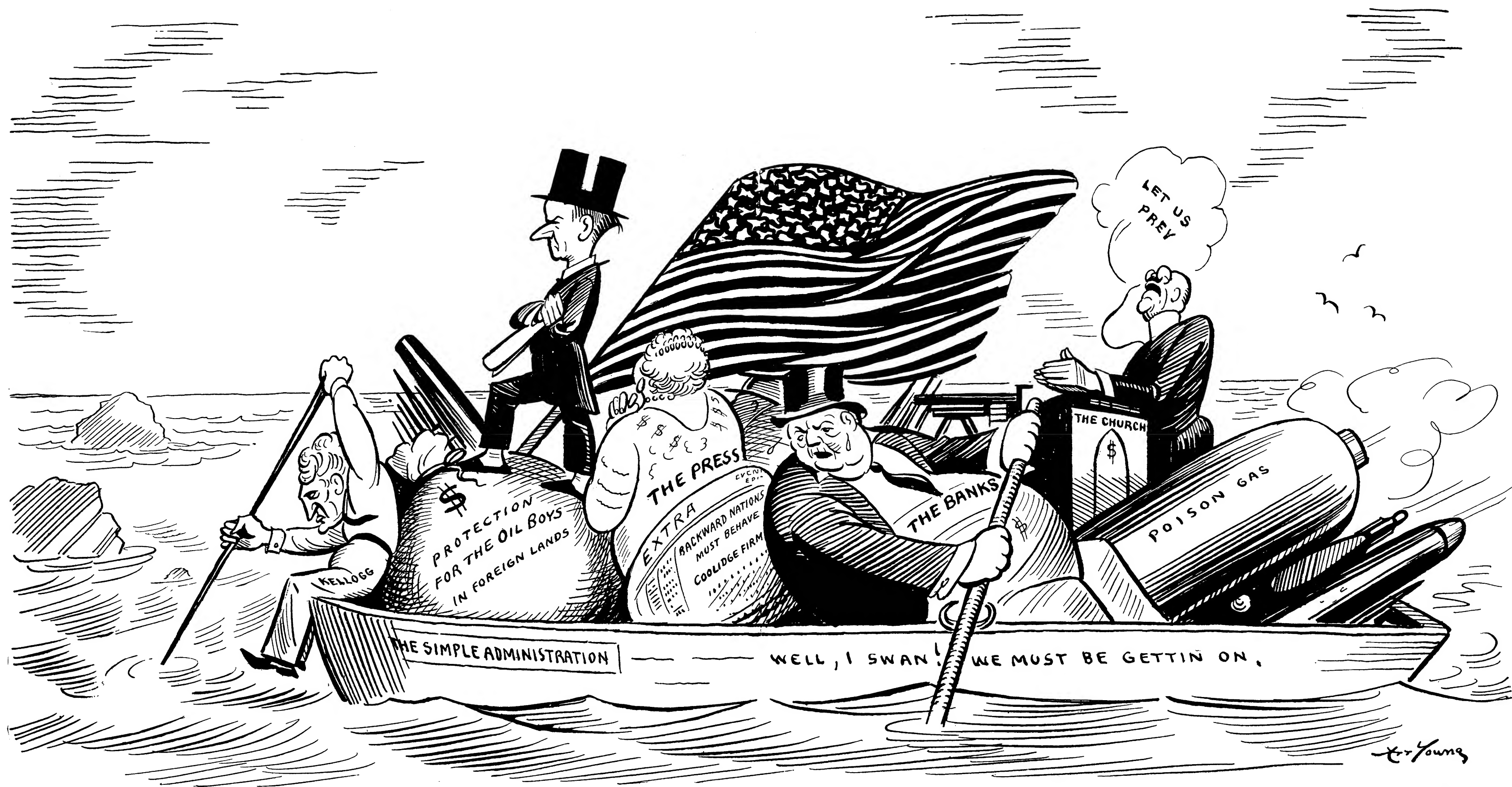
Drawing by Wanda Gag



WANDA GAG

DEPARTURE

Drawing by Wanda Gag



COOLIDGE CROSSING THE GULF

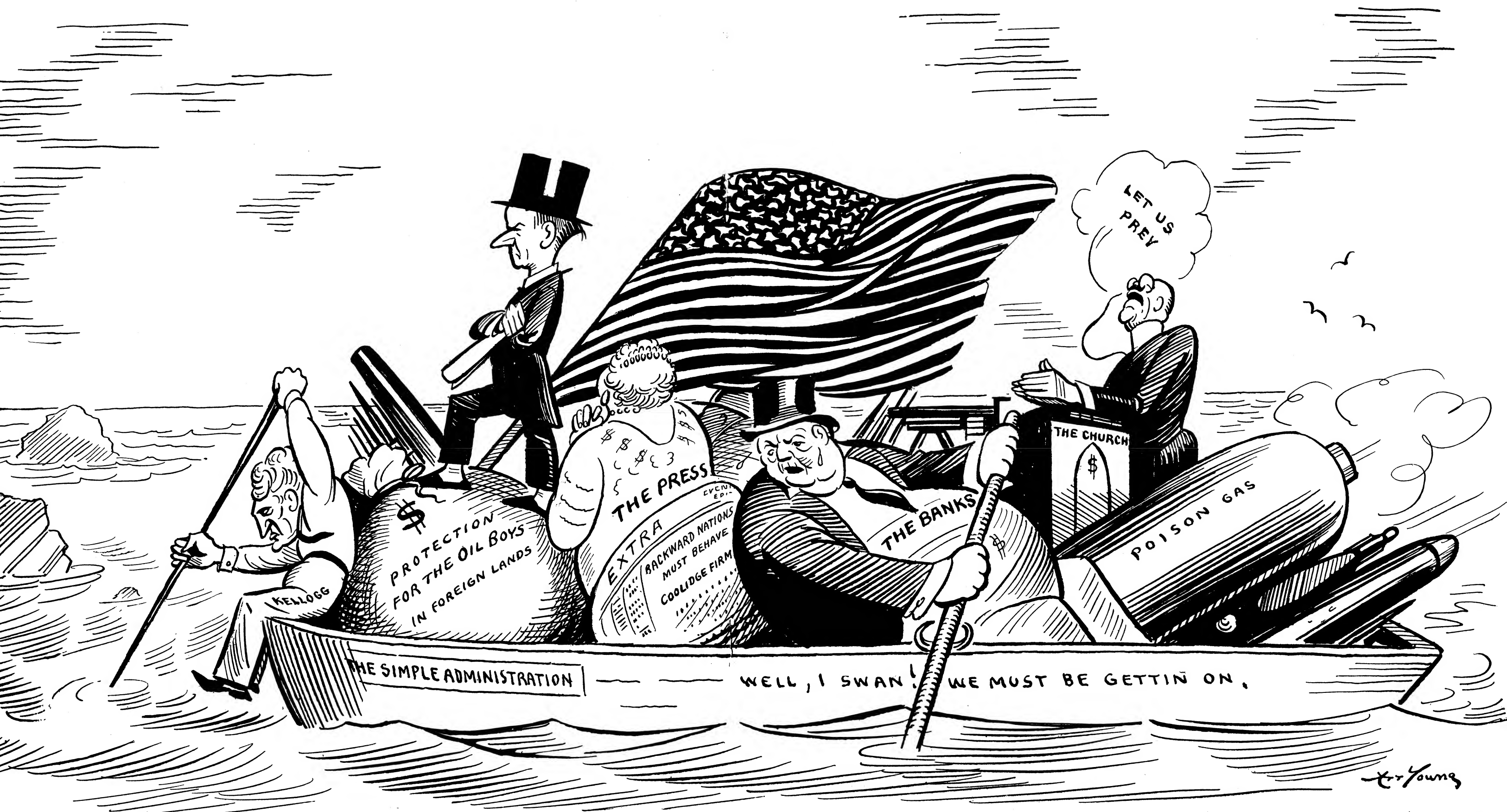
"This government has felt a moral obligation to apply its principles in order to encourage the Central American States in their efforts to prevent revolution and disorder . . ."

"There is no question that if the revolution continues American investments and business interests in Nicaragua will be very seriously affected, if not destroyed. The currency, which is now at par, will be inflated. American, as well as foreign bondholders will undoubtedly look to the United States for the protection of their interests. . ."

"I am sure that it is not the desire of the United States to intervene in the internal affairs of Nicaragua or any other Central American Republic. Nevertheless, it must be said, that we have a very definite and special interest in the maintenance of order and good government in Nicaragua at the present time, and that the stability, prosperity, and independence of all Central American countries can never be a matter of indifference to us. . ."

Cal Coolidge, President, U. S. A.

Drawing by Art Young



COOLIDGE CROSSING THE GULF

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Drawing by Art Young

THE FAT BOYS ON CRUSADE

By MICHAEL GOLD III

Down With the Rebel

JOSEPH DI MOLA, an Italian presser, was in his shop last week. A man with pale face, the father of five children, a worker. The belts raced, the shop roared, the steam hissed from his pressing machine. He worked. He is not important—no organizer or bureaucrat or labor-bank president. He is the rank and file. Earns about \$25 a week through the year; when on strike for months his children go hungry.

Two beefy gangsters swaggered into the shop. Without a word, they struck down this poor man with blackjacks. They jumped on his face. They kicked in his skull. They shattered his ribs. They made his blood flow. They did what they were paid to do.

This pale worker and father is now dying in Bellevue Hospital. His children may never see him again; his wife is crying bitterly.

What was his crime? Why was he assassinated?

His crime was that he belonged to the Left Wing in his union. He did not side with the Socialist officials on top, with his "leaders" who earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year—and expenses.

So they slugged him down. They! Other workers have been struck down by them for the same crime. It is dangerous now in New York to be a Left Winger, to believe in rank and file unionism. You must knuckle to the bureaucrats—keep your mouth shut, or get slugged and murdered.

I was one of those who loved and followed Gene Debs. But when I see what is going on in New York in the name of Socialism, I am glad the beautiful old man is safe in his grave. Debs was the last real Socialist in America.

Fat, Boozy Labor Leaders

For the past five years the American Federation of Labor has been rotting like an apple in a damp cellar.

Not only has it not gone forward, but it has lost several million members. This loss in membership is the physical manifestation of a new and degenerate psychology.

For years the A. F. of L. has built up a machine of fat, boozy, diamonded politicians, all of them hand in glove with the corrupt Republican and Democratic machines of their territory.

These men have not the slightest trace of labor idealism. They are simply job-holders and bureaucrats and bribe-takers,—respectable criminals.

They have no interest in organizing the unorganized and exploited

workers of the country. They have no interest in even ordinary progressivism. They hate the idea of a Labor Party. They have but one aim in life—to extract all the money they can from their jobs.

With a carefully selected staff of gangsters, business agents and ward-healers, they rule their unions by fear. For years it has been dangerous for an honest man to speak out in most union meetings. The black-jack gang would be waiting with an answer in the vestibule.

Brindell was a sample of this type of leader. He was head of the Building Trade unions in New York, the "Czar," they called him. He died recently after serving four years in Sing Sing for extortion. It was proven at his trial that he had forced building contractors to pay him bribes as high as \$32,000. He had a charming name for these bribes,—he called them "strike insurance." The *New York Times* says he was worth a million dollars at one time—this labor leader.



Labor Faker selling the Union

He was big-hearted Jim to his friends—gave them diamonds and automobiles as presents. Everyone in the graft world knew and loved this noblest of nature's nobleman. When he was in Sing Sing, the papers said, he had all sorts of kindness showered on him, automobile trips and a special icebox for his food, and so forth.

At the happy seaside carnivals known as A. F. of L. conventions, Brindell was a lavish entertainer and the most prominent and popular figure. Now he is dead at 47, and others have taken his place. Others are now selling "strike insurance" to the bosses.

Only last month a fearless and honest Vice-President of the Electrical Workers' union came to New

York and started a clean-up of the New York local of that organization.

This honest official, H. H. Broach by name, is a miracle, for he really means business. He brought grave charges against 17 of the most active leaders in the New York local. With a score of affidavits he proved that they too had been busily selling "strike insurance" to contractors. Some of them were collecting as high as \$200 a month from one contractor.

When Vice-President Broach brought out these facts at a union meeting the gang started a riot. They broke up his meeting. Then they went to court and took out an injunction against him. That's the kind of labor men they are.

The Miners' Union is another place where this kind of strike insurance has become a paying profession. The story of the degeneration of this once powerful union is a tragedy. Since the betrayal of the 1922 strike by Lewis, over 200,000 members have been lost. Entire districts are dead and dying. The union has been destroyed completely in West Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Tennessee, Alabama, and Colorado. In certain bituminous fields, like western and central Pennsylvania and parts of Ohio, it is slowly crumbling.

Frank Farrington was head of the Illinois district, one of the biggest in the union. He ruled over the rank and file with a shot-gun squad. Recently he demonstrated what kind of a leader he had been. He resigned from the union to take a job with one of the union's worst enemies—the Peabody Coal company. His salary now is \$25,000 a year. His job is to make labor contracts with two of his former henchmen, who still lead the union.

John L. Lewis, President of the miners, is of the same stripe as Farrington. What hope is there in such a leadership?

Lewis has expelled numberless locals of miners who opposed the corruption in the union. He has had many miners beaten and slugged. He would rather smash the union than have it slip from his hands before he, too, is ready to take a job with a coal company.

He is against strikes. He expelled Alex Howatt, head of the Kansas miners, for going to jail in an out-law strike against the Kansas anti-strike law.

Lewis bitterly hates the progressive element in his union, and uses all the methods of Tammany Hall against them. But he is tender to the coal bosses.

Other unions have their Lewises and Brindells. Recently campaigns against corruption have begun in the painters' union, the carpenters' union, and elsewhere. There's a strange urge to decency in the air.

The fat labor leader, swollen with the profits of his job, a flag waver, a church member, a booze and girly-girl chaser, a cog in the political machine of his section—this is a familiar figure in American life. I need not elaborate—everyone knows this ugly labor Babbitt by sight. He is one of the stock cartoons in the press—an institution.

And the Socialist Party, which for thirty years under Debs fought against this dirty Judas, now has formed an alliance with him, to drive out the "Reds." Let's laugh—it's just one of history's jokes, like Mussolini.

Labor's Best Weapon

The bosses have the cops, the courts, the newspapers, the banks, the schoolhouses, the ministers, army and navy, the law, respectability, justice—everything on their side.

The workers have only their unions—and the strike. You can't prevent the weakest man from committing suicide—and you can't prevent the most helpless working slave from going on strike.

Shoot him down, jail him, lie about him, starve his wife and kids, but if he stops working Industry must stop. This is the only weapon poverty has against wealth—it can refuse to work.

The heart's blood of a trade union is the strike. It is inconceivable that there would now be powerful unions to protect the worker without those wonderful acts of mass courage and mass sacrifice in the past, those great demonstrations of working-class dignity, named Strikes.

Take away the strike weapon from the unions, and what have they left? Nothing. It is certain they will drift back to the old status of the worker in America—the indentured servant status.

And this is what the bosses want. They want company unions—tame, cowed unions that will never strike, but will depend on the benevolence of the bosses for their rights. (Bosses never became benevolent until there were strong unions and strong strikes. Are they benevolent toward the million child workers in America who cannot strike?)

The corrupt labor leaders don't like strikes any more than the bosses do. They would rather, for sufficient reasons, bargain in private. The strike is only one of the cards they re-

serve in their game or shooting at the target of Brindell's million dollars.

And there is a new group of leaders in the unions today, less corrupt and more sophisticated than the old, as Al Smith's Tammany Hall is more modern and intelligent than Dick Croker's.

This new leadership believes, too, that the strike is obsolete, and that capital and labor have a "common stake in industry" (though capital still owns all the works and is not in business for its health.)

A whole group of young "liberal" intellectuals like Otto Beyer and George Soule have given their brains to these new leaders and have rationalized the new corruption, built it up into a metaphysical system.

The Socialists have provided the spiritual cloak for this new philosophy, this most subtle and dangerous of attacks on the independence of the trade unions. Some years ago a Socialist named W. J. Ghent wrote a nightmare book called *The Benevolent Feudalism*. He predicted that the real danger to Socialism and democracy in America would come with the rise of an intelligent ruling class, which would give the workers a comfortable life in return for their approval of capitalism forever.

Now the Socialists are urging labor to embrace this benevolent feudalism. It has arrived for some skilled trades, who make up the labor aristocracy and we are told it is Socialism.

In the New York garment industry Socialists have always formed the leadership in the unions. But they too, have drifted, after years of comfortable and well-paying jobs, into the viewpoint of the Brindells—that the function of a union is to sell "strike insurance" to the bosses.

And a Left Wing has formed here, as in other unions, to oppose this surrender to the bosses. Communists are prominent in the Left Wing. And so the fierce internal war that has just started is called a war on Communists, just as Lewis warred on his left wing in the same sign, and as Gompers did, and Green still does. And others—the employers of child labor in the South, the Ku Kluxers, the Dohenys.

As Kellogg has done in the current rape of Mexico, whenever a crook is threatened with exposure in America, he has learned to make a single retort—"You're a Communist."

And so Di Mola, the pale cloak presser, was slugged at his work for taking "gold from Moscow."

Di Mola was a worker, and didn't believe in handing over his union to ten-thousand-a-year labor leaders and bosses. For this he was sent to Bellevue hospital, and called a Communist.



Drawing by William Gropper

NOW, THAT WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON!

Strikes Not Respectable

The whole fight in New York began over a strike. For several years a strong left wing, led by Communists, has been growing in the garment workers' unions. The right wing tried to expel the Communists a year ago, but 20,000 workers rallied behind them and the right wing gave up.

A few months ago the cloak-makers went out on strike. The union officials, both right and left, agreed, at the time, that the strike was necessary. But the strike was only a partial success. The right wing suddenly claimed the strike had been unnecessary; it could have been arbitrated. They furthermore hinted that all labor grievances can be, and should be arbitrated, and that only Communists want strikes. It was a good piece of Kelloggism.

That's how the New York Times, the New York Commercial and other capitalist papers understand the battle; a war between the principles of arbitration and strike. Of course, the open-shop newspapers side with the Right Wing—and "arbitration."

I will not go into the details of the battle. Mass meetings, lies, slug-gings, statements, expulsions of whole regiments of left wing workers. The Left Wing, as I write, has barricaded its local halls, and will not

permit the officialdom to capture them.

Men and women toil in the shops all day, and then sleep on the floor in their locals at night, waiting for the gangsters to come. They sing, they talk, they eat sandwiches and stand guard like soldiers. They have no blackjacks or guns—they are ready to die, if necessary. They are not paid assassins, but workers. And they will fight for their right to their own union.

The drift of well-fed labor leaders is all toward "arbitration." It is an easier way to control and sell out a union. The drift of a rank and file is always toward the "right to strike." The Kansas open-shoppers passed a law against strikes, in favor of state arbitration. Mussolini has the same law in effect. Every foe of labor has fought against the principle of the strike. They know too well where the strength of a labor union lies.

And now the Socialists and liberals and Tammany Hall labor leaders say that the mad, wild, violent Communists are anxious only for strikes, to serve their political ends. Isn't this another wonderful joke? The strike weapon has become so unrespectable in their eyes that only a Communist is low enough to advocate it.

And their paid gangs slug the Di Molas, slug girls and old pious bearded Jewish men, slug everyone with a rank-and-file thought.

"Boring From Within" by Socialists

The bosses, the Judas labor-leaders, the Socialist liberals all make the same moan: "This is merely a fight against the Communist attempt to capture the trade unions for political ends!"

Yet John L. Lewis came out for Cal Coolidge in the last campaign, and tried to swing his union into line for the Great Vermont Frost. Sam Gompers was for years, as President Green is now, a wheel horse for the Democratic party chariot. The leaders of the State Federation of Labor in Illinois supported Frank L. Smith after the horrible debauchery of his campaign had been exposed by progressives. (Samuel Insull, leading open-shopper of that state, supplied the slush funds.) Most of the right wing leaders in the needle trades in New York support Governor Al Smith and Tammany Hall.

What is this, but using the unions for political ends? Why don't Socialists attack this kind of thing too? But one hears a protest from them only once in a blue moon. They know only one enemy—the Communists—who have been agitating for a Labor Party.



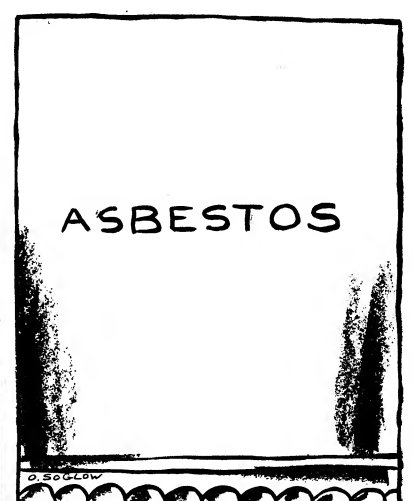
1. Manager and playwright agree on specifications for production of a three-cylinder American drama.



2. Act I—He wants and she dunt want.



3. Act II—She wants and he dunt want.



4. Act III—Both of them is willinck alretty but Fire Department ain't.

Drawing by Otto Soglow

For decades the Socialists bored-from-within the A. F. of L. At convention after convention they tried to get the organization on record as endorsing the Socialist Party. Was this political or not?

Socialists had their nuclei in the unions. They fought the corrupt labor leaders. They were the pet hate of Sam Gompers for decades. They sometimes even split off into dual unions. They caucused and bored and hollered and shouted "crook." They were opposed to the idea of business unions—to the slogan of "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work"—that motto for valets and slaves. They wanted the trade unions to write on their banner—"The Abolition of the Wage System!"

They did all these things—and now they have formed a committee in New York to drive Communists out of the trade unions for doing the same things, for taking the "good old cause" as seriously as they once took it in the past.

Their object, it says, in their manifesto in the New Leader of December 25, is to make a "survey of the camouflaged organizations intended to further the destructive work of Communism; to enlighten the people of this country, and trade unionists in particular, regarding the absurd and ridiculous ideas which a few fanatics are trying to impose through a policy of terrorism on the labor movement of the United States."

A few fanatics imposing ridiculous ideas on a great labor movement—and through a policy of terrorism! What logic! What hysteria! And what a beautiful esteem for the "absurd" principles of their own Karl Marx!

Morris Sigman, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, is on this heresy-hunting committee. About a decade ago he led

a split from the A. F. of L., and tried to bring the garment workers into the I. W. W.

Joseph Schlossberg, of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, is on the committee. He also led a split some years back, he was a fiery rebel fighter for the Socialist Labor Party.

Abe Beckerman is the strong-arm man and paymaster for gangsters of the committee; he used to be a Socialist alderman.

Abe Cahan was the Socialist pioneer among the Jewish workers, and edits the "Socialist" Forward. He is now the dynamo of the inquisitorial committee.

Matt Woll, another member of this group, is a vice-president of the A. F. of L. He is now also acting president of the Civic Federation which was originally an alliance between conservative labor leaders and capitalists to fight the Socialist in the trade unions.

This Woll recently, in his Civic Federation capacity, attacked Sherwood Eddy for his stand on Soviet Russia. "Mr. Coolidge," wrote Mr. Woll, "All the sound and democratic elements in American society are with you in your Russian policy and are fully aware of the menace presented."

Hugh Frayne, another member of the committee to kill and destroy and expel left wingers, is New York State organizer of the A. F. of L., and one of Tammany Hall's most genial diplomats.

The last time I heard Mr. Frayne speak was years ago when he was attacked by a Socialist school teacher for serving on a committee to administer the Lusk Laws in the New York schools. These laws were intended to wipe out everyone with a free thought in America, from Jane Addams to Eugene V. Debs. Mr. Frayne ardently defended the laws. Now he is on another committee to administer the Lusk Laws in the trade unions. And Socialists are his allies.

What a role for the former party of Eugene V. Debs!

Other allies are gangs of paid killers from the East Side underworld, the New York Times, all the clothing bosses, Tammany Hall, the Chief of Police, Bishop Manning, and certain detectives, one of whom came to a friend of mine working in the office of the Left Wing and offered her \$75 a week to turn spy.

Pure Camouflage!

The assertion that this is a fight against the Communists is pure camouflage. It is a fight against the Left Wing—against the rank-and-file, who are demanding control of their own unions.

There are only 3,000 Communist party members in New York, but some 35,000 workers have proved their loyalty to the Left Wing in the needle trades.

There are less than 20,000 Communists in the whole nation, but 75,000 miners have voted for Brophy and the Left Wing program in their union; 20,000 voted for the left wing candidates in the carpenters' union; 15,000 in the machinists'; there are thousands more going Left in the railroad unions, among the building trades, in the textile industry, (10,000 in Passaic alone.)

The Left Wing is a movement against the corruption of the old labor machine. It has a definite program wherever it operates. In the needle trades it calls for amalgamation, a measure opposed by all the payroll parasites and bureaucrats, who might be eased out of their jobs. The Left Wing wants national agreements, instead of local agreements, which are the atheism and death of a real union. The Left Wing wants a forty hour working week. The Left Wing wants rank-and-file democracy in the union, instead of the rotten

borough system that now prevails as the chief bulwark of the bureaucracy. The Left Wing wants a Labor Party for labor, instead of the present disgraceful collusion of labor leaders with Tammany Hall and the Ohio gang.

The Communists are active in many places of influence and control in the national Left Wing. This is true. And why not? The liberal intellectuals have sold out to the John Lewises and the bosses, and rationalize the new subtle drive on labor unionism. The Socialists have joined in the same drive.

If anything guarantees that Communism has a future in this country it is the fact that every other rebel element has surrendered to the ideals of Henry Ford and the benevolent feudalism.

PEDAGOGUE IN A MILLIONAIRE'S HOUSE

The master of this house has gone
And I am here to watch his son.

Red ivy covers all this home
But inside nothing red can come.

As soon as I come in the door
I feel constrained and insecure;
The soft rugs glide across the floor.

To lofty ceilings blank walls rise
Hung with dull careful tapestries.

No crimson mistresses could sprawl
On these stiff sofas by the wall
Overstuffed, respectable.
But there are comfortable chairs
For rustling portly dowagers.

There are mahoganies and oaks:
There are not very many books.

Though many fires are laid, there is
No room with smoky memories;
On ashless hearths immaculate
Nice logs like foolish virgins wait
Fires that will never come to them.

The lights are neither bright nor dim.

Glass octagons of doorknobs gleam.

Unnoticed people serve my food
Moving the dishes as they should.

I will be glad when he comes home
And I can go back to my room.

Rolf Humphries



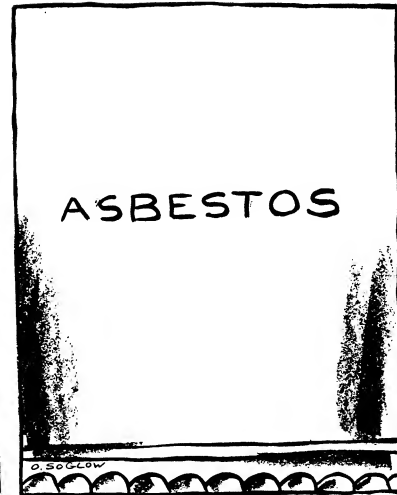
1. Manager and playwright agree on specifications for production of a three-cylinder American drama.



2. Act I—He wants and she dunt want.



3. Act II—She wants and he dunt want.



Drawing by Otto Soglow

4. Act III—Both of them is willinck alretty but Fire Department ain't.

SEE AMERICA FIRST

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, in his Annual Report to the Trustees of Columbia University, states that American universities are "the only present home of liberty." The church and the state, he says, are both intolerant. The universities alone are a "home of intellectual liberty and freedom of the spirit."

Whose spirit?

Certainly not the spirit of the students. They are regimented into Reserve Officer Training Corps; propagandized in the lecture rooms; suffocated under avalanches of text books and assignments that prove the infallibility of the system of robbery that passes, among us, under the name of a "social order." Within two weeks I talked to a group of western students who were threatened with expulsion from college unless they disbanded a Liberal Club that they had formed on the campus. I met a number of students who had been dismissed for carrying on Communist propaganda in the student body.

Well, then, how about the spirit of the teachers?

In the years before the war, college teachers who held heretical social beliefs used to think that they were free to express them. Not now! There is no delusion of academic freedom in any of the universities that I visited on a recent trip of more than eight thousand miles. Teachers who have ideas and no dependent families slip the ideas across to the students furtively, and wonder when the ax will fall. Teachers with families keep their mouths shut.

Does Nicholas Murray Butler really believe that the average college teacher in the United States is free to join the Teachers' Union (affiliated with the A. F. of L.)? If he does, certainly the teachers do not!

We might assume that freedom in the colleges was confined to college presidents, were it not for the predatory records of the commercial pirates who dominate the boards of trustees. But the formulators of the

American Plan will not tolerate insubordination among their employes in their colleges any more than they tolerate it in their other factories.

You doubt that? Ring up Suzzalo, late president of the University of Oregon, or Meiklejohn, late president of Amherst.

No, Brother Butler, you are in error! Before you venture into this field of social criticism again, take a trip around the country and talk with the students, teachers and presidents

of America's 930 colleges and universities. You will find that heterodox ideas are about as rare as hen's teeth. You have generalized too much on the basis of the "intellectual liberty and freedom of the spirit" that exist at Columbia. Before you write your next Annual Report, have a talk with James McKean Cattell, Harry Dana and Charles A. Beard, then swing thoughtfully around the academic circle. See America first!

Scott Nearing

FOR LYDIA

Fleet child, love no one
Who cannot stand the test of sun,
Who shall not feel his soul grow lean
Climbing a steep hill and keen.
Men curiously encompass doom
Within a room,
And see the criss-cross of the bars,
Who might be mated under stars.
But you who love the large and bare
Challenge of the moving air,
Girl, lest your soul meet with surprise,
Measure your lover against the skies!

Florence Kiper Frank



Drawing by Art Young

AFTER THE BANQUET

MR. GARY: (to Directors of the Steel Corporation): "Now, gentlemen, having had our dinner, we will hear from Mr. Bull, our publicity agent, who has written a report to the press on the impossibility, at this critical time, of paying higher wages and reducing the hours of labor."

THE DIRT FARMERS ARE HUNGRY

By JOHN B. CHAPPLE

THE farmers are hungry. They are being driven off the farms. Their costs are going up and their receipts down. Taxes and mortgages have them helpless. Insurance companies are cancelling farm policies, because the value of farms has dropped below what the buildings were insured for a few years ago, and the companies fear the temptation to set the buildings on fire is too great. The banks and other mortgage holders threaten the farmers with foreclosure unless the farmers will take out insurance. Nobody wants to write the insurance.

The insurance companies must be protected. That's business.

The mortgage holders must be protected. That's business. The farmer can go to hell. He is on the way.

Surplus capital wrung out of the hides of city workers is being put into big-scale capitalist farms commanding machinery, banking and marketing connections, and wage labor—the factory system applied to agriculture.

The dirt farmer keeps slipping. He is forced off the farm and becomes a tenant. Or he struggles on under mounting interest charges, a tenant in fact with the small consolation of paper ownership of a bankrupt institution. In the fight for survival he makes his wife and children work, which explains why he can continue producing at below cost, temporarily.

He must borrow money or quit. If he borrows, the interest charges will throw him into bankruptcy.

He is headed for wage slavery, whether he stays in the country or joins the trek to the cities.

Twenty years ago he cleared his quarter-section with spirits high. This was the land of opportunity, and independence was just ahead.

Today his eyes are glazed and his cheeks sag. His masculinized woman with trembling chin—one-time a rosy-cheeked farm girl—curses the day she gave birth to children who have taken their places in an earthly hell. It is a hell where mortgages and cows own human beings; where a new hat dangles just out of reach and never becomes a reality; where a decent education for the children means a terrific struggle or is abandoned, for children must usually add their work to that of husbands and wives.

There have been ominous clouds over the farm landscape for years. The farmer's independence went with our frontier. But each time he has shown signs of realizing this, soothing-syrup has been fed to him and he has gulped it down and gone back to his twelve or sixteen hours a day of labor.



Drawing by A. Walkowitz

PUSHCART PHILOSOPHERS

The college of agriculture was to save him. It helped him increase production and hastened his failure. His boy came back from the college of agriculture. They raised more crops and got less money.

The county agricultural agent was to be a Messiah. The farmer obeyed his slogans to "buy purebreds" or "grow alfalfa" or "raise bacon type hogs"—one market after another went to smash. And the county agent dared not answer the farmer's questions about distribution.

The capitalist farm papers, printed and distributed for almost nothing and heavily subsidized by the advertising of General Motors, Swift, Mobiloil, Gold Medal and the rest, lulled the farmer with idyls of farm life, with the trumpery of "spiritual revivals in the rural churches," with Horatio Alger stories of "free men and women" and how they succeed under our "sacred constitution." These papers don't know that there is a farm problem.

And, oh yes, Congress; Congress was to help the farmer. Plenty of talk, and always "something concrete" in the next session. Always the next session. If you want a bitter answer from a farmer today, say, "Help from Congress."

But the soothing syrup is always ready. The new bottle is "government export of the surplus."

The dirt farmer overlooks the insult, but throws the idea overboard along with the petty nationalism that is the prelude to the plan.

"Why dump the crops into any other country and ruin some other farmer, when our own families are hungry?" he asks, and nobody answers.

Even producer and consumer co-operatives operate haltingly under the handicap of the class rule in our

democracy. It is this class rule that sterilizes the colleges of agriculture, that castrates the country agents, that strangles the co-operatives and prepares the soothing syrup.

The most significant development in the farm movement is the split within the farmers' ranks. The banker-farmer, the merchant-farmer, the retired farmer, the bastard type of business man camouflaged as a farmer has sabotaged the farm movement. He has been the same sort of menace that the labor aristocracy is to trade unionism. In crises he sides with the banker, attacks organized labor, opposes regulation of child labor. His point of view is purely that of an exploiter, not of a worker. The American Farm Bureau Federation (gentlemen farmers) in convention recently listened approvingly to Vice-President O'Neal's declaration that "labor's aspirations run counter to the farmers."

On the other hand, the American Society of Equity (dirt farmers) invited and listened to a labor official who demanded that both farmer and laborer become militant and seize control of the legislatures. The Equity farmers then sent speakers before the trades and labor council to point out that the same interests, which rob the farmers of their boys and girls, also throw the city workers out of jobs. All are workers, whether with plane or plow, these farmers said.

President George Nelson of the Equity—a farmer, whose experience includes working as a laborer in thirty-two states, Canada, and Alaska, who went through some of the western mine strikes where guns were freely used, and who has handled the Wisconsin legislature from the speaker's chair—traces the roll of

revolution in history down to present-day America—Babylon, Rome, France, Russia.

"These are lessons which show what happens when one group has wealth taken from it and given to another," he warns.

The Progressive Farmers of America, another organization, of which William Bouck of Sedro-Wooley, Washington, is president, declares bluntly:

"The producers of wealth and the great combination of capital have no interests that are identical. The struggle between these two classes will intensify until the toiling masses become organized so that they take over the machinery of production, distribution and exchange, to the end that these agencies may be operated in the interest of the many instead of for the benefit of a few."

Herbert Quick, the Sioux City, Iowa, lawyer, mayor, and author, wrote shortly before he died in May, 1925:

"If I were you, Mr. Conservative Citizen, I should carefully consider, rather than wait for the whirlwind. For the sky is clouding up. It is scarcely safe for the present generation to say, 'after us the deluge.' The deluge may not wait."

"The idea is abroad that the laboring people of the cities and towns and mines—most of them landless, very few of them landlords, can unite with the farmers. The farmers are as much separated into classes as are the people in the cities made up of those who ride in limousines and those who tramp the pavements. The people represented in the Farmer-Labor party and other progressive and radical movements *will probably some time carry the country*, under some name or other. When they do, it will be when the tenant farmers begin to feel class conscious and vote against landlords."

"It is already too late to find a remedy short of revolution."

The farmer has been starved into an angry mood. His viewpoint is more advanced than that of the labor union, except for the left wing organizations.

Will it mean only more sporadic farm "revolts," more abortive non-partisan leagues, more childish mobs forcing castor oil down the throats of sheriffs serving eviction papers?

The leadership of the dirt farmers is too seasoned for that.

The surging wave of tremendous force now gathering momentum from the soil apparently will wed with the maturing city proletariat. Here is a giant with vigor to smash on to power and the new day for which both workers and farmers hunger.



Drawing by A. Walkowitz

PUSHCART PHILOSOPHERS



Drawing by Boardman Robinson

"Hank, they ain't nothin' in the house to eat."
"Thas awright! Ain't got no time to eat nohow."

THE RUSSIANS IN CHINA

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

RUSSIANS, Russians — White Russians, Red Russians, colorless Russians—all over China. Officers in the armies of the patriots and of the brigands, privates in any army that feeds its privates or gives them license to loot, priests, stenographers, diplomats, prostitutes, policemen, beggars, "advisers," conspirators—everything.

The ordinary American meets them first in the dance-halls of Shanghai, where they have displaced famous exiles from San Francisco. In the old days—when, as any Shanghai-lander will tell you, Shanghai was Shanghai—all the prostitutes of the China coast were Americans. They were old hands, who had made names for themselves in California, Honolulu, and Yokohama on the way out. Indeed their fame was such that the seamen of all nationalities rather got the impression that all American women belonged to the profession, and an irate American consul ran them out of Shanghai. They returned a few weeks later, armed with proof that they had been regularly married to Portuguese or Peruvians, some of them complaining that their new husbands had expected to enjoy their

marital privileges free. The Russian exodus has achieved what the American consul could not do; the Americans could not meet the competition of the cheap Russian labor, and the trade is now said to be almost exclusively in the hands of the Slavs.

Shanghai, Hongkong, Hankow, Tsingtao, Dairen, Tientsin, Peking—all the chief cities have their Russian dance halls, where the girls sit idle night after night praying for an influx of American tourists, dancing with anyone at ten cents a dance, half of which goes to the house, urging bad liquor, at a 10 per cent commission, on all comers, taking their chance at more remunerative business in the later hours of the morning. Some of the cabarets have good music—with half-starved orchestras of real Russian musicians, and excellent dancing; and a Russian grand opera company, lacking the fare to New York, wastes its riches before the half-filled opera-houses of the East.

Generically, all non-Bolshevik Russians in China are described as White, but many of them have no more political color than the pheasants in the fields. Siberia was for years a vast charnel-house of revolu-

tion and counter-revolution, and tens of thousands fled, simply in the hope of better times and places. A few met luck; thousands died; other thousands were absorbed into the vast maw of China, as other tribes and races had been absorbed in earlier centuries. Langdon Warner, travelling Tibetwards on the Great Northwest Road, tells of finding, junked in a remote village inn-yard, the wreck of an old Russian leather-bonneted travelling carriage that had once been hitched *troika*. It was fifty-four days' travel from Urumchi, the nearest wagon-road, and no one knew what had become of the gentry who had abandoned it. A few days later he met a ragged Russian boy, barely turned sixteen, with less than a Chinese dollar in his pocket, and not a word of Chinese in his head, but living somehow off China.

No job is too menial for a Russian in China, but the bulk of the male exodus has been sopped up into the armies. Every army has its Russian detachment—hobo battalions, true medieval *condottieri*, serving whatever master bids highest. Chang Tso-lin, Japan's favorite, has thousands of them, and he reckons them his best fighting men; Feng Yu-hsiang has hundreds, and they sing Methodist hymns—in Chinese—at his command, with as much zest as they fight coolie armies. Wu Pei-fu had his detachments, and there are probably quite literally scores of lesser groups of Russians wandering about China in broken-up remnants of defeated armies, many of which are today sheer bandits. They are lost men, and desperate; and they have desperate reputations. A dozen of them had lived a year within the sheltering walls of an American mission compound in Kiangsu province when last I heard; and they may still be there, not daring to venture outside for fear of being cut to pieces by villagers who still recall a butchering expedition of some of their fellows.

These poverty-stricken Russians unconsciously have done their share to reenforce the Red Russian propaganda that the day of white man's control has passed. They work with their hands—which no white man in the East had condescended to do. In the great strikes of 1925 they did the scabbing in the foreign settlements—they kept the municipal water and electric works going for the British when the Chinese struck; they filled in on the river boats when the Chinese boycotted foreign shipping; a third of the foreign constables of Shanghai are Russians, and the taxicab-drivers are divided into

hostile Russian and Chinese factions. For the first time since the two civilizations came into contact centuries ago there are white men poor enough to compete on an economic parity with the incredibly ill-paid hordes of China. For the time being the foreigners welcome this loyal white slave labor; but it saps the race prestige on which the tradition of white domination is built.

Genuine White Russians are at a discount these days. Even the foreigners in China have accepted the Soviet Revolution as a fact, and are not interested in financing hopeless filibusters. Semionov is still in China, but forgotten; a few erstwhile politicians have hack jobs translating or doing gumshoe work for the British newspapers; others teach their language to Englishmen who want to engage in the fur trade in Soviet Siberia; some of the czarist officers serve as advisers to Chang Tso-lin. Most of them are no longer pure-white Whites; they have a longing to get home.

And, of course, there are the Soviet Russians, thousands in Harbin and North Manchuria, which is virtually a Russian sphere; hundreds in Mongolia, which is also under Russian domination; and scores scattered through the consulates or attached to the Cantonese Government. Being the only foreigners who sympathize with and encourage the Nationalist movement, they are the most liked and trusted alien group. To the Chinese struggling to establish their national sovereignty against the foreigners today, they are what America was to the Chinese who threw over the Emperor and established a republic fifteen years ago—the symbol of revolutionary freedom.

The attempt to make of China an imitation America has washed out; nothing remains of its parliamentary institutions. The country has been ruled by personal military dictators. The Russians supply another model, an advance fitted to Chinese conditions—the party dictatorship. And in teaching the disorganized Chinese the technique of party organization, in holding together the centrifugal and often egotistical members of the Kuomintang party organization the Russians have been of vast service to the Chinese. Borodin, adviser to the Kuomintang, and through it to the Canton Government, has more than once held the spokes together when they threatened to fall out; a foreigner, who is not suspect of personal ambition, can sometimes do what no Chinese could do.

Borodin is a leonine man, with black hair brushed back from his



Woodcut by Hans Skolle

SHORE LEAVE



Woodcut by Hans Skolle

SHORE LEAVE

square forehead, a deep, serious bass voice, and a mild twinkle in his black eyes. In some strange way he has won the confidence of the men with whom he works, although he does not speak their language. I have seen him, the one alien at a meeting of the Political Bureau, the ruling organ of the Kuomintang, with a young Chinese at his side, rapidly translating, in an undertone, into English. Somehow, across the barrier of language, he was a cementing force to the mixed group that sat there—Chiang Kai-shek, the moody young general whose armies have just swept through half of China; T. V. Soong, Sun Yat-sen's brother-in-law, the young Harvard graduate who organizes Canton's finances; Tan Yen-kai, an elderly general of the old school who likes to compose poems to pine trees; Wang Ching-wei, lifelong revolutionary; C. C. Wu, urbane product of an American high school and a British university; and the rest. They turned to him for advice as an expert in revolutionary governmental problems just as Yuan Shih-kai, when he wanted to be emperor, turned to an American professor of governmental science and as other Chinese rulers have turned to foreign bankers.

Foreigners in China—the word “foreigners” as used by themselves excludes the Soviet Russians—tell large tales of the extent of soviet propaganda and aid to the Nationalist armies. But you cannot explain China by soviet gold; it merely happens that the Russians bet on the winning horses. Back in 1920 they made a large gesture of abandoning all concessions and privileges in China; in 1924 they confirmed the gesture in a treaty; and while they maintained essential control of the Chinese Eastern Railway in North Manchuria, which gave an excuse to the Westerners to claim that the Russians were imperialists too, a fair-minded imperialist has to admit in private that for the Russians to give up that railroad today would mean handing it to the Japanese. Which the Russians, quite naturally, do not care to do.

It is Russian policy rather than Russian gold which has won them their prestige in China, and Russian policy has been Nationalist rather than Communist. Karakhan in Peking, Borodin in Canton, and a score of lesser agents in other cities, have stimulated the Chinese Nationalist movement in every possible way. They prodded the workers and the

students wherever they saw an opportunity—made speeches at the colleges, and, where unions were permitted, to the trade unions. But they know perfectly well that there is no more chance of a Communist revolution in China today than there was in America in 1776. There are 3,000 Communists in China, of whom a score may have read Lenin's “Imperialism” but probably not half a dozen his “State and Revolution.” Undoubtedly the Russians, like the Italians and the Germans and the Japanese, have shipped arms to their friends in China—and have been about as careful about arranging terms for payment. The Russians are no fools; they do not give something for nothing or waste energy on hopeless causes; they want to see in China a strong Nationalist state which will resist the encroachments of those Western states which Russia perforce regards as enemies; and they know full well that a semi-bourgeois Nationalist China, if strong, will mean far more help to Soviet Russia than a struggling little Communist nucleus, pure but ineffective. Besides, a Nationalist movement perforce bases itself upon mass support, and when the Nationalist goal is reached the workingclass aspects of the struggle will be accentuated.

Borodin said to me one day, after he had been reading a report on Christian education in China, that it the word “Christian” were omitted here and there, the missionary program would coincide with his. It was an absurdly true remark. The Russians, like the missionaries, are engaged in educational propaganda; they want to lift China out of mass ignorance, official dishonesty, political inefficiency. In Mongolia, the Russians are helping to develop schools, veterinary institutes, cooperatives, and banks, and complain because the Mongols are slow to appreciate the importance of hygiene and will not appropriate money for a nurses' training course. They want to put new life into these Asiatic peoples which have lingered overlong in the Middle Ages; and their methods are like those of the missionaries, but speedier. And, as a rule, more sympathetic. For the Russians, after all, are half Asiatic (the professor of English at the Peking National University said the Chinese cared more for Russian authors than British) and they come closer to the Chinese. Whites, Reds, or colorless, they form a kind of bridge between Europe and Asia, between East and West.

THE BOULEVARDIER

His grandfather carried stones off eighty acres of homestead in Michigan.

His father carried a hod in Chicago.

But somehow he got out from under burdens.

Unless you count carrying a cane in New York.

Traverse Clements



Horthy Is Worried About the Arts

HUNGARY'S BLOODY MARY

AGAIN the jackal and hyena make merry in the graveyard of Hungarian culture. The dancing jackal and the capering hyena—it is a ghastly dance with the censor playing the tune.

The living-dead of the arts and letters are not enough. . . . The dead-dead must be dug up, gilded and varnished, whitewashed if necessary. . . . The living-dead are impotent, voiceless, worthless. No advertising value to them, no show.

And so the ghouls go after the ornamental corpses. There are plenty of names, plenty of bodies to choose from. . . .

After Horthy's reign of terror managed to kill off, or imprison, or exile, or shut up, intimidate and castrate, every decent contemporary exponent of the arts and sciences,—it suddenly began to worry about the state of those same arts and sciences. True, the concern was more about public opinion outside of Hungary than within, but the fretting process began, just the same. And that's where the graveyards came in!

As a start, Horthy's little playmates went about fouling the earthly remains of two of Hungary's greatest poets,—great by all human reckoning,—of Alexander Petöfi, singing flame of the Revolution of 1848, and of Endre Ady, the only genius ever turned out by that puny country of weaklings and imitators.

Special editions were prepared. Leather bindings with plenty of gold. But revolution stinks and the cry for freedom smells bad. So deodorizing was in order. Out went all

that proved offensive to the emaciated nostrils of fascism,—and out went, consequently, all truth, vitality, beauty. Never mind, the names remained on the cover, making the books still marketable, and rather showy, quite pretty. And who the hell would know the difference outside of Hungary?

The reason for all the shooting with blank cartridges, ladies and gents? Well, Horthy and his gang got sort of jealous of Bloody Mary's elaborate pandering! Roumania prostituted and not the Free Land of the Magyars? Never! Out with the dead! As a preparation for the hungry living, who are to follow soon. . . .

Ah, you've guessed it? A little mazuma is needed back home and the Horthy boys are coming across to America to do a little pimping of their own. And they are bringing with them a statue of Kossuth,—the same old Kossuth who has for years been overworked as a symbol of liberty, freedom, equality, fraternity. . . . (special Hungarian versions!). The gesture is calculated to produce two results: one is that the poor Hungarian workingmen of this country, blinded by the glorious name, will fork up the shekels; the other, that the American bankers will so much more readily cock their eyes in the direction of Hungary. . . . That's a hot one, too—a statue in America to Kossuth, who has failed to attain to similar honors in the capital of his own grateful country.

Not so dum', them white-terrorist press-agents, eh? Foldonfuto.



Drawing by Hugo Gellert
Horthy Is Worried About the Arts

CONFESSION & AVOIDANCE

New Tactics in Social Conflict, A Symposium. Edited by Harry W. Laidler and Norman Thomas. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

NOW that's not fair! Whoever called it *New Tactics in Social Conflict* should take the name back and rechristen it *Dodging the Bricks*, or, perhaps, better still, *Comfort Under Capitalism*.

New Tactics contains a symposium. In June, 1926, a group of comfortable men and women met for three days in a pleasant summer camp. They swam, boated, canoed, played tennis, staged a show, and carried on the series of discussions reproduced in this book. Theoretically the discussions centred about conflict. Practically there was scarcely an adult present whose income was below \$35 per week. Most of the conferees were well above the \$50 level. The discussions reflected the secure economic position of the participants.

The United States and the world were ablaze with conflict, yet the papers presented at the various sessions, with minor exceptions, merely described the different ways in which the ruling class of the United States was postponing conflict by buying out the working class and by increasing its wealth and its capacity for exploitation. Six chief topics were considered: Changing relations between property ownership and control; trade unions enter business; changing tactics of employers toward workers; the sweep toward industrial combination; American economic imperialism, and the new propaganda (of the employers). Each topic, with the exception of that on imperialism, was handled in such a way as to magnify the importance of the employing class approach. Not a single session was devoted to the tactics of the workers in their struggle against the employers.

Speakers seemed to have taken it for granted that "new" tactics meant those of the employers, and that workers had no new tactics. On labor banking there was some difference of opinion. One group held that it was an employers' tactic and the other that it was a workers' tactic (and a new one, of course).

The American Federation of Labor and the Socialist Party have evolved no new tactics to meet the open shop campaign that has blossomed into the American Plan during the past five years. The Communists have been hammering consistently at the issue. The theory of Third International tactics is essentially different from that of Second International tactics. If any contribution has been made to the tactics of social conflict since the war, the Communists have made it. Yet no session was devoted to this subject. There

was not a single outstanding Communist on the program to present their point of view, nor was it advanced during the discussions except quite incidentally by Bob Dunn, by Solon DeLeon and one or two others in the course of discussion from the floor.

Before the machine-gun fire of the employers' offensive, the representatives and friends of labor assembled at the conference, either side-stepped or straddled. They were not seeking an opening for attack so much as a shell-hole for safety.

Jacob Potofsky of the Amalgamated Bank referred to the Amalgamated Union as "radical," and then listed eight corporate business enterprises in which the Amalgamated was engaged. "Similarly," he said, "the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, a conservative union, now owns fourteen banks, eight investment companies, an insurance company, a printing plant, sky-scrapers in Cleveland and New York, and a tract of 31,000 acres of land in Florida." Evidently the B. of L. E. is several banks and trust companies ahead of the Amalgamated in its effort to "turn capitalist" (Potofsky's phrase). Potofsky quoted with approval Hillman's statement that post war unions were striving to become "a constructive and positive force" (under the capitalist system, of course), which "will root the unions in the every day life of the community as no other tendency has so far done." "Community" means "capitalist community." Before he became a banker, Potofsky was an ardent labor organizer who summoned his followers to battle in the class struggle. His speech at this symposium might have been delivered by Thomas Nixon Carver, Economics Professor in Harvard University.

Fannia Cohen of the International was once a revolutionist. Note how she keeps out of the fight on labor banking: "I am not in a position now to defend or attack the development of labor banking. My discussion will be based rather on the frank recognition of the fact that labor banks are with us." True enough. But in the early days of Fannia's militant leadership the capitalist system was also "with us." Still, she denounced it fiercely.

Just how far Fannia Cohen has strayed from the old path was suggested by her sentence: "Although the daily conduct of the labor bank must be realistic, its driving force must be idealistic." Why? She answered: "The confidence of the multitudes of the labor army in our new venture is essential if we are to succeed in getting their savings deposited in the labor banks." (The International also has a bank). Idealism for the workers: believe in your bank! Realism for the bankers: get

the money! Some revolutionary formula!

Listen to Jim Maurer's tired renunciation of leadership: "Some of us who have been pretty radical in our time are losing heart with the masses who don't seem to care to be radical." Ten years ago Jim was the fighting champion of Pennsylvania's exploited masses. Are they any the less exploited today?

Later Brother Maurer said, with reference to some co-operative enterprises in Reading: "We have become a little bunch of bourgeois capitalists and all we can see is paying dividends." Good for you, Jim! Now you have the pig by the leg. "Idealism in banking," demands Fannia. "DIVIDENDS!" says Jim. Yes, all the banks pay them, including the labor banks.

There are two basic issues in the United States economic conflict: (1) What are the economic and social tendencies? (2) What preparations are the bosses and the workers making to meet and direct those tendencies? The Conference ignored the former question almost entirely. It answered only the bosses' part of the latter.

Why?

Because those assembled had no other answer. They were the wartime militants. At the end of the war they saw a crisis confronting the American labor movement. The crisis broke in 1919 with the Steel Strike and the Coal Strike. The first was crushed. The second was outlawed. After that, what was there for the unions to do? Either to go on fighting or else to go into business; either to attack capitalism till it was smashed or to join hands with the chamber of commerce and make the most out of capitalism while it lasted.

ATTENTION MR. ROBESON

Lonesome Road. Six Plays for the Negro Theatre, by Paul Green. McBride. \$2.00.

Lonesome Road is a beautiful name for a book, and the book is beautiful in the same way—full of the sad, sweet, wonder-minded, earth-minded Negroes, and their words. . . . It is a dramatic book, a book of action and emotions that are very real. And yet it has set me thinking about words. . . .

"How come you can be so prancy like?"

Isn't the whole character of the Negro people somehow contained in the turn of that phrase, the musical taste of it? A whole attitude to life? You know just what Sherwood Anderson means when he says:

"Words going the way of the blacks, of song and dance. . . . In the end they will make factory hands of us writers too. . . . The whites will get us."

The way Negroes use English words has the charm of primitive art, and its charm has the same in-

To the historic credit of the Amalgamated and the International it should be said that they continued to fight for a time, but in their later utterances, Hillman, Sigman, Potofsky and Cohen are as clearly in favor of class collaboration as John L. Lewis and William Green. They too have gone the dividend road.

There will be a labor conflict in the United States. The four-fifths of the workers who are now outside the unions will be organized. Through struggle after struggle the structure of a new labor solidarity will be built. Not by tired radicals, though, and not by former labor leaders who have gone into the banking business.

The battles will be led by lean, taut, terrible men and women who have been stamped out of the class struggle as steel sheets are stamped out in the stamping mill. These leaders will come from the mass. They will know its agony and speak its language. They will stay so close to the mass that *they cannot forget*. Those among them who take \$75 or \$100 a week and a soft job will speedily follow in the steps of those other leaders who are now working hand in hand with the bosses.

New tactics in social conflict will not be evolved by comfortable men and women in pleasant summer camps. They will arise out of the mass struggle for a new social order. If the members of the League for Industrial Democracy want to know what these new tactics will be, there is only one way for them to find out at this stage of the game; take a job; bring up a family on \$25 per week; feel the temper of the American masses.

Scott Nearing

redients. Their trick of twisting our grammar into absurd shapes, and making up odd imitations of our words instead of saying them right—that is not mere ignorance. Of course not! And neither are the queer perspectives and distorted representations of nature in primitive art mere ignorance. That is explained to us often enough in these days. But on the other hand, they are *part* ignorance, and that is not explained so often.

That is what makes it so difficult to go back to them. That is why artists who try to show their supreme sophistication by being "primitive," have such a hard time creating anything we can love. They have a hard time being affirmative enough about what they are creating to make it loved. They are too much concerned about what they are not doing. There is a certain mid-point on the road to learning the "right way" of anything, when the "wrong" ways can be entered into and culti-

vated with a gleeful and wholly affirmative enthusiasm. It is not a simple state of mind that you can go back to and pick up like a stick. Wisdom and ignorance both go into the "mixtry."

And they both go into the making of the charm of these black people's words. "Scrushes" for instance. It is wrong, but also it is right. And they know it is right.

Here is the speech of one of Paul Green's characters in a dramatic moment:

"Git from heah, I tells you—you rutting bitches, couplung lak goats. (She raises her stick.) Flee out o' dis house, 'fore it falls on you and scrushes you. . ."

THE ODOR OF LIFE

Sweepings, by Lester Cohen, Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

From the first of the Pardways—the rugged Peter Aram, smith, peddler, puddler, ironmaster, sovereign of Irontown—to the last of the Pardways—silken Freddie, rounder, debauché, derelict—every character in this sinewy book moves in a human fragrance. There are strong men, weak men, owls, foxes, fools, gluttons, beasts, sniveling rats, dullards, traitors, whores, shopgirls, princesses, debutantes. Not once does this man Cohen bungle his stroke. Not once does he fail to reproduce the feel of flesh and the odor of life.

No story could be simpler. The headings tell all there is to the plot: *The Conquerors*, *Sons of the Conquerors*, and *The Alien Conqueror*. Under these three headings the pioneer Pardways ride roughshod into power, triumph and dominate, and live to see the snubbed and hated newcomer wrest the scepter from their hands.

Few stories move faster. A paragraph buries a whole brood. A chapter hoists a man to a sovereign and burns him to a cinder in the flames of his kingdom. In another, a girl becomes a whore, is battered and mawled by her drunken father, goes out to walk the streets. Whole lifetimes flare up and sputter out on a page. No human being is too high or too low, too foul or too clean, too weak or too strong for this author to treat with sympathy, irony, truth. There is brooding over life, but it is not sick, introspective; there is sex, but it is not smutty; there are epic scenes, gigantic struggles, Machiavellian intrigues, stupendous business deals. The whole book is braced with iron and wrapped with velvet. Individual sentences may be clumsy, harsh, but the feeling is always there.

Paul Green has a keen taste for drama, and yet a keen sense of reality. There is excitement in his plays, and there are few false notes. In my opinion they would "act" exceedingly well. If I were Paul Robeson—and this is one of the things I have wished I were—I would gather together a company of Negro actors and produce some of the plays in this little book, *Lonesome Road*. Thousands of people of both races would come to see them. A great Negro theatre would be a creation of mighty significance in the history of American culture. And if it opened with a play by a white man, its significance would be not less, but just that little bit greater.

Max Eastman

Any one of half a dozen scenes would be the making of an ordinary contemporary novel. Early Chicago mobbing The Bazaar to buy stockings at five cents a pair. Daniel in love with Aileen, offering himself to her "like an empty bottle," stopping for the first time in his life to realize that the store meant more than his children, had in fact become his god. Old Daniel in the cellar of The Bazaar philosophizing to his lumbering son, Gene: "Don't be afraid of basements. Don't be sweepings. Be wool and a yard wide." Christmas eve at The Bazaar, customers pushing, barking, snatching, shopgirls bawling, shrieking, gritting their teeth; Freddie, jaunty, philandering; Mamie, hysterically smashing the tinsel on her counter. Roaring scenes in the wheat pit of Chicago—with apologies to Frank Norris. One after another old Daniel Pardway's children—the children who were to worship his god, the store—grow up: lazy, dissolute, aimless, besotted, drugged, stupid, spineless. One after another they break his heart. On his deathbed, a yellow spectre, he snarls at them, sneers at them, bullies them, rips them to pieces—and gives the store away to Abe Ullman, the crafty alien conqueror.

Meaty, solid and simple, what a relief is such a book from the milk-and-water that the publishing houses have lately let flow upon us. Here are no smelling-salt excursions into languid human souls, no weather reports, no guide-book descriptions, no arty moods flaked into endless chips of words. But if you demand of your books the terror, brutality, greed, fight, lust, relentlessness and irony of life, you will find them in *Sweepings*.

Harbor Allen

THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Revelry, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

This is a swiftly-moving story of Washington life during the administration of that amiable boob, Willis Markham—in the vernacular "Easy Markham"—a likeable, well-intentioned windbag with a better head for drink than for affairs of state. The President's chief vice is loyalty to his friends, the little coterie of pirates and second-story workers who meet for weekly poker at the Crow's Nest. The most important of this precious crew is Dan Lurcock, the actual though not titular Attorney General. Willis Markham is Dan's respectable false face. Dan has pushed him up the political stairs, step by step until at last, thanks to a deadlocked convention and his astuteness in shuffling the cards he lands the Presidential nomination for his friend.

Now Lurcock is sitting pretty behind the scenes with a finger in every juicy pie. His control over government prosecutions and his power over the secret service give him an opportunity for graft and blackmail that is absolutely magnificent. He counts that day lost in which his henchman, Jeff Sims, does not ship off a big package of currency to Dan's brother's bank.

The yarn moves rapidly to its destined end through an orgy of grand larceny, unsavory deals in oil, the looting of the hospital service, in-

trigue, double-crossing and murder. The President himself becomes an unconscious grafter through a device framed up by his admiring cronies. Finally, when exposure and ruin are inevitable he dies under circumstances which are equivalent to suicide and is laid away among the saints and martyrs by his heart-broken countrymen.

It will be seen that the plot of this novel is about ten per cent imaginative and ninety per cent historical. There is scarcely an incident or a character that did not have its counterpart in the malodorous days of Warren Gamaliel. Jess Smith is here; Fall, Doheny and Ned McLean are present, thinly disguised, and a pestiferous investigator who is a merger of Walsh and Wheeler. Clearly recognizable is Harding's little playmate, Forbes, who specialized in stealing blankets from the beds of wounded soldiers. The vital figure of the book is, of course, the hard-boiled Harry Daugherty, the head of the Ohio Gang, the inventor and chief crook of the Harding administration and the idol of labor-hating manufacturers. All, all are here, the old familiar faces.

Revelry lacks some of the literary virtues but it is a fine, bitter veracious novel and a genuine public service. I would rather see the Ohio Gang in a book like this than in jail.

Howard Brubaker

INSIDE WATCHING OUT

The People Next Door, by George Creel. John Day. \$4.00.

It must be admitted that, remembering Mr. Creel's record for veracity while head of Wilson's Committee for Public Information during the Last of Wars, I read this book with considerable misgivings. Still I don't know that it isn't a pretty good book. Certainly, so far as I know—and my knowledge of Mexico is limited to a few hundred miles of mesquite and cactus seen from the train and some enchiladas hurriedly eaten on a station platform—there is nothing else that gives such a complete account of the relations between the U. S. and Mexico during the stormy years that followed the ejection of the aged carcass of Diaz from the Presidential Palace. The book will have a certain value for its exposure of the part the American ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, and his friends took in the plot that resulted in the overthrow and murder of Madero. All that would be much more valuable if it were not so patently a whitewashing of President Wilson's regime at the expense of the Republicans. Looked at not

as a history but as a pamphlet issuing from one of the small band of surviving Wilsonites, it's a pretty forceful and lively book in spite of Mr. Creel's Pulitzer editorial style of writing.

The portraits of Porfirio Diaz, Juarez, Santa Anna and Zachary Taylor are particularly good. For the time being, and in default of anything better, it's worth reading and may do a good deal to permeate the abysmal ignorance of Americans about Mexico, and about the acts of their own government. But the history of oil diplomacy remains to be written. The trouble is that the people who know the inside of these things won't tell, and the people who would tell can't get on the inside.

The People Next Door comes out at an opportune moment. Secretary of State Kellogg is the latest puppet through which Oil Diplomacy is trying to embroil the two countries. If there exists a public mind, and this book can clarify it to the extent of counteracting the effect of such papers as the Washington Post, all honor to Mr. Creel.

John Dos Passos

ONE MAN'S MEAT

7 P. M. and Other Poems, by Mark Van Doren. A. and C. Boni. \$1.75.

It seems to me that one of the most intelligent things any human being can do, in the intervals between ice ages, is to walk delicately and alertly in the field of appearances and observe such things as these: that crows are a little mad; that the bright button eyes of a mouse are as much a violation of one's solitude as the presence of a person, that lonely horses are full of Welstschmerz and eager to share their pathos with lonely human beings; that an abandoned wood road may be sown thick with significance—an indelible mark on the veil of eternity.

This, in the NEW MASSES, is heresy. Let me hasten to add that perhaps it is equally intelligent to blind and deafen oneself almost wholly to the almost intolerable beauty and interest of this sub-human world and concentrate upon the gallant job of making human life on this planet as beautiful and respectable as, say, a beehive or an ant colony.

Nobody asks to be born. One pays with one's life in any case. I think people should be permitted the agreeable illusion of choice.

Mark Van Doren has written a second volume of poetry so much better than his first that it is not easy to trace a development. The unsure sketching of country scenes and emotions have become clear, hard dry-points; description has given place to evocation; metaphysics has acquired the convincing, concrete dimensions of actuality. I read the volume through and was reminded of nothing and nobody except the pertinacious intelligence of the author, now, and very evidently, busy at building a world of his own.

It is an aristocratic world, singularly without prose interests, yet a

considerable one; when it is completed Mr. Van Doren will have been somewhere and seen something.

For the average contemporary practitioner, poetry is both an attitude and a career. For Mr. Van Doren it is neither; it is simply the coupling of himself and his world through an artistic medium. He makes no concessions and little noise, but by the time he has piled up a score or so of these deft, sure miniatures, one realizes that his objective is more than merely writing poetry; it is at once something more pretentious, more important and more personal.

I wish there were more noise; I think the world is as noisy as it is quiet; I think the poet's camera should catch phenomena in motion as well as stiffened in the classic tableaux of a Grecian vase; I think language is a terribly alive thing, that sometimes frets and languishes in those clipped and bitted short-line stanzas. I suppose that is because I incline toward a different idiom; probably one should be grateful to Mr. Van Doren for sticking to his own.

One thing I notice: these are almost all first person poems; there are no other speakers, with three exceptions; a horse and two women. In *Refreshment Stand* and *The Picture* the two women don't come alive, as do for instance the women and men of Robert Frost and E. A. Robinson, to mention two poets with whom Mr. Van Doren seems more and more remotely related. The horse in *The Gentlest Beast* however, is utterly convincing. Let's have more horses and more men and women, even if it takes longer and freer poems to do them. There is no harm in expressing the wish, even though Mr. Van Doren can be depended upon to do exactly as he pleases.

James Rorty

GOOD MEN FEELING BAD

Blues, by W. C. Handy. Albert and Charles Boni. \$3.50.

The story of the Blues, and the examples of original Blues tunes given in this anthology are a valuable addition to musical literature. But there seems no good reason for devoting an entire volume to Mr. Handy's own work. After a certain point in this book, nothing new is added to our knowledge; the selections become repetitions and a little dull. One wishes there were more examples of what has been done by other Blues composers during the past few years.

For the Blues have become an integral part of American life—both lay and musical. Whether or not Handy is responsible for their introduction, the Blues have struck a common chord vibrating from coast

to coast of our heterogeneous nation. They cannot be said to have been invented, or even discovered by anyone.

They are as much American now as Cal Coolidge. If Handy had not discovered this, someone else would have.

The Blues are not a pure Negro product, as this book claims. The Blues, as we have them now, are only built on negroid foundations. Even the simple work songs which Handy first harmonized bear the marks of association with white men.

George Antheil, from the boulevards of Paris, complains bitterly of this, saying, "the African Negroes have the American Negroes stopped a mile for every kind of rhythmic and musical effect. American whites must have a bad effect upon their Negroes." Evidently Antheil thinks,

or hopes, that a primitive music could continue to exist unchanged in the midst of an increasingly complex machine civilization.

No art and no artist can remain uninfluenced by environment. Modern jazz and the blues are a product of all American life. To what extent they will be a part of future serious music in this country remains with the great group of American musicians still to come.

Perhaps these composers will show that, in place of new thematic material, America is destined to contribute to the world's musical history a wealth of new rhythms. America has as material not only the Ameri-

cized African jazz rhythms, but also the little-known music of the American Indian: essentially an art of intricate and fascinating rhythms. Negro music is *not* our only folk music.

And in addition to these primitive rhythms, we have the varied and powerful rhythms of the machine, symbol of our age and a dominating force in our lives. The machine has already been greeted by the advance guard as providing true rhythms of precision, energy, power. Yes, new rhythms are perhaps to be America's contribution to the music of the century: not new themes.

Helen Black

APOSTLEDOM'S MAD HUMORS

The Fool in Christ, by Gerhart Hauptmann. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

There are scattered over England and the continent certain malaria-spots of European capitalism, where the miseries of sweated industries are as sure to breed religious sectarianism as the atmosphere of a swamp will breed mosquitoes. Such malaria-spots productive of a sick proletarian mentality are Lancashire, the London East End, the Westphalian mining districts—above all, the Silesia of the weavers, for well nigh a hundred years a prolific breeding place of sects and prophets preaching the awardism of social dissent and withdrawal in terms of religion. Within the heart of this last-named plague-spot of the weaving industries, the poet Gerhart Hauptmann was born and reared. The tendency of the wretched Silesian masses to seek refuge from unendurable realities in the clouds made an ineffaceable impression upon his youthful mind. He watched the growth of plebeian sects and prophets in the semi-industrial semi-rural slum-districts of his native province with a brooding intensity of observation, which never gave entirely way to other and more vital interests crowding in upon his horizon. Throughout his creative life the great poet, as a painter of manners, has returned again and again, in prose and in verse, to the eccentricities of the mystic ways of the Silesian mind; he ever proves himself a true son of skyward Silesia in the eccentricities of his own excursions into the regions of the Unknowable.

Now it came to pass, that late in the Eighties Gerhart Hauptmann in Zurich, Switzerland, made the acquaintance of a "prophet" from his native haunts, who ended by suicide. This chance contact with the non-viable heavens rising slenderly out of an uninhabitable earth obsessed our poet's soul to such an extent that he began to grope for an artistic recrea-

tion of the thing that held his vision prisoner. In 1892 he gathered his strength for a first sketch of an itinerant prophet, homeless in a material and spiritual sense and essaying to draw upon his inspiration rather than upon external aid in combating hostile surroundings. The sketch, entitled *The Apostle*, was a mere shapeless outline of a great work of art which appeared eighteen years later—Hauptmann's *Fool in Christ*.

Of this masterpiece, setting forth all the mad humors and tragedies of modern apostledom with an unsurpassable poetic insight, zest and fervor, Mr. B. W. Huebsch published an excellent English translation in 1911. The book, for a long time out of print, is now obtainable once more through the laudable enterprise of the Viking Press.

James Fuchs

THE FREUDIAN MISTAKE

Guy de Maupassant, a Biographical Study. By Ernest Boyd. A. A. Knopf. \$4.00.

An excellent study of the great French pessimist and story-writer. Boyd, however, makes the customary Freudian mistake of "modern" critics. He blames Maupassant's philosophy on his physiology, as if both were individual accidents unrelated to the age. Heine died of syphilis, too, but his literary product was different in spirit from de Maupassant's. Why? Heine was surrounded by the hope and courage of revolutionists; Maupassant, by the merchants and social mediocrity of the regime of Napoleon the 3rd. France was hideous and cheap, politically; and Maupassant and his generation turned in despair to art, sex and black negation. Ernest Boyd gives almost nothing of the background; but he has cast a great deal of light on the growth of Maupassant's insanity.

M. G.

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A FRENCHMAN VIEWS LIFE

The Thibaults, by Roger Martin Du Gard, Translated by Madeleine Boyd. Volumes I and II. Boni and Live-right. \$5.00.

These are the first of a ten volume epic of contemporary French life to be translated into English. "Not since Romain Rolland and Proust," says the jacket,—French critics go further and say, "Not since Balzac and Hugo—has a work of equal importance come from France." This is usual big talk from publishers and were it not for the books themselves the skeptic might harbor a prejudice, but—

The Thibaults is alive in the first page. The story begins with a universal phenomenon, the revolt of adolescence. Two boys, one Protestant; one Catholic; escape from parents, school, and religion to enjoy together the exhilaration of the first passionate protest against the existing order. From such gestures come all revolutions. It is always youth that produces the essential variations from the norm in the human species. Quite naturally this naive escapade feeds the furtive, defeated, and malignant pruderies of the elders. The rebellion is crushed by liberal methods. M. Thibault, the father, a disciplinarian of reformist tendencies, delivers his erring son to the tender mercies of an advanced reformatory—his own pet foundation—where the lad's spirit is dry-rotted by a sly compulsive regime that encourages perversions in the name of Social Preservation, and turns out degenerates in place of accomplished criminals. Oh yes, we have plenty of institutions of the same kind! Jacques, fortunately, is rescued by his brother Antoine and the experience serves only to confirm his bent toward introversion. Henceforth his inadaptability is accentuated by constant inward-turning toward the dream of life.

Antoine, the physician brother, is a penetrating study of an extravert. True to the usual formula, the latter is drawn irresistibly toward a woman of opposite type, Rachel, part Jewess, exotic, complex with the mixture of races and impulses that have made her the vehicle of an adventurous individualism,—this woman is a Bovary who has known the world and many men, has lived without compunction through strange experiences in the demimonde and has preserved nevertheless for her lovers the rare gifts of intuition and passion, keeping herself ardent and yet free. She sees human beings without judging them, she gives herself without demanding or being bound, yet even she acknowledges one fixation to which eventually she must return, the sinister Hirsch, who appears not in person

but completely drawn through the medium of her reflection of him.

From the baffling subtlety of Rachel to the complaisant narrowness of the great "liberal," whose final contribution to his sons is a hyphenated name, is a wide range, but it by no means indicates the area of these books. They have the extensiveness and intricacy of life itself, in dialogue, the racy and vivid flavor of human speech, the quality of which Madeleine Boyd, the translator, has managed to carry beautifully into English.

A cross section of French middle class life rather than another *Jean Christophe*, *The Thibaults* presents a picture of extraordinary vitality, perhaps because we are so little conscious of the author's attitude toward his people. He projects characters by a variety of means: their behaviour, their conscious and unconscious defences and compensatory reactions, their impressions of one another, (conditioned of course by the egocentrism of each) and by the spoken word constantly checked against the unspoken thought.

Back of the surface pattern, however, emerges a philosophy tintured by Whitmanism: the acceptance of sex in all its manifestations,—a philosophy unworped by any bias against the so-called perverse, abnormal, or commercialized aspects. It is significant that Whitman's lines *To a Common Prostitute* are quoted.

"In Africa," says Rachel, "love is not at all the same thing it is here. There it is a silent act, very sacred and very natural at the same time. Just natural. No thought of any kind ever interferes. And the search for physical pleasure, which is more or less hidden here, is as legitimate as life itself, and love, like life is natural and sacred." That, surely, is an attitude unusual among the French! Rachel's dream of her old age—to keep a house where she will live, "surrounded by youth, beautiful, free, and voluptuous," in order that she may not have to "grow old among old people," is not a romantic glorification of prostitution but the affirmation of sex as a legitimate profession.

The pulse of passion, shallow and effusive in Jerome, a gesturing Don Juan, distracting to the methodical Antoine; idealized and inhibited in Jacques; extravagant in Daniel; imperative with all the women, is the recurring rhythm to which the drama is set, and yet one's impression is not of eroticism rampant but of intensity in equilibrium.

Which is to say that I am waiting for the rest of the cycle to appear!

George Cronyn

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LOVE FEASTS FOR LABOR

Profit Sharing and Stock Ownership for Employers, by Gorton James and others. Harper and Brothers. \$4.00.

Business and the Church, Edited by Jerome Davis. Century Co. \$2.50.

Labor Relations in Industry, by Dwight L. Hoopingarner. A. W. Shaw Co. \$5.00.

Three out of a hundred or so books are issued every twelve months, on smooth ways to smother the class spirit in workers. How to handle the "labor problems," and devitalize the labor movement. How to usher in "industrial democracy" with a bright capitalist label plastered on the finished product. The personnel managers, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, divinity school profs and the alleged liberal employers are grinding out a lot of copy on this subject. The argument is trite; the procedure simple. You can find the text in every other speech delivered before your local Chamber of Commerce. Briefly it's this: Labor and Capital should love each other. Therefore they do love each other, or will soon. Please read our book outlining the etiquette for the forthcoming lovefeast.

Lots of reasons inspire profit sharing, as discussed in the book by James and others, including three more or less liberal business men. One reason is that to some people it's "the answer of capitalism to bolshevism." Another is "mutuality of interest and responsibility" which really means that "less prodding is necessary by the supervisors." Profit sharing also keeps wages where they ought to be. But our several authors frankly conclude that all orthodox profit sharing is the bunk unless a little management sharing goes along with it. And that seldom happens.

As for the latest fad, employee stock ownership, these optimistic forward-lookers conclude, "Perhaps, in so far as the worker can be made to realize that he is a capitalist as well as a laborer, the thought will help to bridge the gap which sharply defined class consciousness inevitably makes." So why not give the Standard Oil refinery hand a chance to be thrifty and take over a share of non-voting stock on the installment plan. If this doesn't make a plute of him a good plan is to bribe the leaders by letting them strut. "If the natural leader," they tell their fellow employers, "is not given a chance to lead something worth while he will lead in devilry." The context suggests that this means "strike" or some form of union agitation. That would never do. Give him a company union and make him a "delegate" and the leader will peck the corn right out of your hand. Nothing could be simpler.

Business and the Church is a

compilation of articles by experts—mostly non-union business men—all heavily blurbed. What a kasha! Henry Ford and Albert Coyle, the young editor of the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal* whose letter to Powers Hapgood was recently extracted from the U. S. mails by the refined John Llewellyn Lewis, Sam Lewisohn and Roger Babson, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and Golden Rule Nash—twenty-two in all, solemnly introduced by Dr. Jerome Davis of Yale, who, when not calling on business buccaneers to be kind and true, is busy with Christian Endeavor delegations to Russia whose reports give Matt Woll the fits. Here, under his editorship, are all the highminded men of commerce, who would delouse the proletariat and make them sane and sweet through "employee representation," jazz bands, cafeterias and annual clam bakes. It is mostly the regulation Labor Day stuff about The Master's program of Life in industry, the good capitalist's opportunities, the brotherhood of man, and the dignity of work. Not a syllable about power, the only thing that is worth a hill of beans to a worker hypnotized by group insurance and the current blather about ways of life. I suggest that these twenty-two stock-holding Christians sign an open letter to Mr. Julius Forstmann of Passaic, telling him what they think of his lovely spy system, and quoting a little scripture at him. Or they might write a line to a fellow-Christian in Passaic, the Polish priest who refused to confess the girls who joined the union, and who on a Sunday morning informed the female section of his congregation that he would regard them as bitches if they didn't go scabbing at once.

Brother Albert Coyle breaks thru the hypocritical phrases of his associates to say that "Twelve million people in this country live in a state of chronic poverty. . . The labor union, not the church, is fighting for them in the front rank, with the church nowhere in sight." Not so nice, Albert. Neither is your assertion that Christ would be blacklisted as a communist agitator in our big open shops, including the ones controlled by Baptist Rockefeller, who also gets in on Dr. Davis' symposium with fifteen pages on the spiritual significance of the company union. We might also hazard the thought that Christ would be booted out of Coyle's own brotherhood as a troublesome left winger, who refused to subscribe to the latest wrinkle in labor investments in Venice, Florida.

By far the most revealing touches in this symposial picture of the Lord at work in his industrial vineyard are

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contributed by the Hon. Roger Babson who opens every session of his annual Institute for Business with prayers and hymning. He sets out to prove that the mighty men of business have all had much spiritual dynamite in their bones. Without this evangelical punch, he says, we would not have—I use his order in naming them—Arrow collars, Kellogg's flakes, Sherwin-William's paint, Ivory soap, Colgate's perfumes, Duke's mixture, Ayre's advertising and Heinz's 57 varieties. Other great church-going supermen he picks from the ranks of U. S. steel, Swift hams, McCormick reapers, Quaker oats and the Curtis publications. In these instances, Babson blurts, "the founders of the business were intensely religious men and went about the selling of their products as missionaries fired with an indescribable zeal."

Mr. Hoopingartner's vast work covers the field in text book manual fashion from the "psychology of the worker"—a much overdone topic—to the labor provisions of the Versailles Treaty. He furnishes the employer with a neat industrial philosophy and shows him how to sweat out the maximum human toil with the aid of education in the economics of business, vocational guidance, a slice of stock, community of interest propaganda, a pinch of participation in control, a few humanitarian handouts and the current hokum about "mutual responsibility." And the cure for all the alarming red menaces we find after wading through to page 490. It's the text of all three volumes. "For those special groups in society who do not conform to the will of the majority, the way to prevent radicalism is to liberalize conservatism and thus make it progressive." Now if you don't know what that means you can go read these three books by the twenty-eight authors.

Robert Dunn

DON'T FIGHT SEX

(Continued from page 9)

be "all the world" to another, and the youth of today can not imagine such a thing. If we are to engage in industry (or in love) today, we must deal with human life as it is; and human life is no longer capable of being parcelled out with definite boundary lines. Personally, I like the change, but I suppose that is merely temperamental. I like the idea of going into industry, not for the mere prospect of accumulating a lot of things we do not want, but for the glorious game of releasing all the power we can and organizing it for human service. And I like the idea of love, not as a having and holding of one woman or a flock of them, but as a joyous human enterprise.

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THE big second issue (256 pages) of the *Haldeman-Julius Quarterly* is now ready—a beautifully printed, intelligently constructive magazine. Excellent contributions—scores of pictures, reproductions of paintings, drawings, etc. The *Quarterly* is highly endorsed by such men as George Jean Nathan, Joseph McCabe, Harry Hansen, John Cowper Powys, Upton Sinclair, E. W. Howe, etc. Comments include: "a remarkable achievement," "an interesting magazine," "informative and unique," "the richest intellectual feast," etc.

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